

The Sketch

No. 1343.—Vol. CIV.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



GUARANTEED TO WIN THE LAST BATTLE: "ENGLAND" IMPERSONATED IN A NEW YORK PATRIOTIC TABLEAU.

It has been said, we believe originally by Mr. Kipling, that our country always wins one battle in a war, and that one is the last. In the present war our splendid men, and those of our Allies, have won a good many more battles than one, but happily it seems that history

will record the final one among the number of Allied victories. Here we illustrate an impersonation of "England" by an American actress, Miss Emily Drange. She has appeared as here shown in a patriotic tableau, arranged by Mr. Ben Ali Haggin, in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.

Photograph by Feisler and Andrews, New York.



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

The Race for Grey. "The doors will be opened," said my ticket, "at four o'clock. No seats can be reserved after four-thirty. The meeting will commence at five."

I arrived at the Central Buildings at twenty minutes to four, and proceeded to look for Central Hall. Finding myself in a maze of machinery, which seemed to have little in common with the League of Nations, I approached a policeman.

"Is this right for Central Hall?"

"No," said the policeman. "You must go right out into the street again, turn to your left, and take the next entrance."

It was difficult to get out, because so many other people were coming in, but I succeeded at last, and found myself, as the policeman had directed, in the street. But where was the "door to the left"? I could discover no such door.

I approached—that is the only word—another policeman. I showed him my ticket for a reserved seat.

"That's right, Sir. You follow these people going in."

"But I've been in there, and they sent me out."

"Oh, indeed? I'll ask the Inspector."

The Inspector examined the card, and examined me, and examined the crowd, and examined the doorways. Then he supported the statement of his junior. I must undoubtedly follow the crowd.

Very well. Quite meekly, quite patiently, I went in again.

Holding the Fort. The crowd led me to a first-floor landing. The corridor was a perspiring mass of enthusiasts. Some had white tickets, some had pink tickets, and some had no tickets at all. A cheerful young constable, with a heated countenance, was answering questions with the rapidity of a machine-gun.

"White ticket, Sir? Quite right—the door in front of you. Pink ticket, Madam? Upstairs in the gallery. No ticket, Sir? You can't get in. No admission for anybody without a ticket. Doors open? Four o'clock. Why don't they open 'em now? Ask me another. White ticket, Sir? . . ."

Our numbers increased. People came up the stairs at a great rate. The heat was terrific. A young curate lost his head and began to push. Several ladies, ignoring his cloth, told him just what they thought of his conduct.

"Open the doors!" yelled somebody. "Open the doors!" yelled the crowd. "Will you please open the doors?" demanded a strong-minded lady with a high, clear voice.

"If they don't organise their League of Nations better than this . . .!" growled a peevish voice in my ear.

"But this is a special art," I explained. "And you want a large staff for it. You can't expect busy people, however enthusiastic for the progress of mankind . . ."

"Open the doors!" yelled the crowd. "O-P-E-N T-H-E D-O-O-R-S!"

The doors opened at last. We all surged forward.

All Right at Night.

I was lucky enough to secure a gangway seat. A man dropped quickly into the chair on my left. All the chairs were filled in a twinkling,

but still the crowd poured in.

"What will they do with them?" I ruminated. "They can't let them stand in the gangway. There might be trouble."

"Dunno," replied my neighbour. "I applied for a ticket a fortnight ago, but it got lost in the post."

"How did you manage?"

"Just came in with the mob."

The ardent people in the gangways were gently removed. Where they went, I know not. Probably to the overflow meeting at the Caxton Hall.

A young lady wafted up and down the gangway with a bundle of printed matter.

"Would you kindly tell me," said I, "who is in the chair this afternoon?"

The young lady puckered her brows. "I'm not quite sure, but I know it's the Right Honourable Somebody." (So there, Mr. Barnes!)

I thanked her. The information, though a little indefinite, was cheerfully given.

"And would you tell me," queried my neighbour, "who policed this meeting?"

"Ah!" cried the young lady, and sailed away with a merry laugh.

MORAL: Keep your temper, and all will be right at night.



EYES OF DISILLUSION AND "EYES OF YOUTH": MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT (LADY FORBES-ROBERTSON), AS GINA ASHLING, AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

As the heroine of "Eyes of Youth," at the St. James's, Lady Forbes-Robertson enacts four different phases of the same character with remarkable versatility. In the right-hand photograph Gina Ashling appears as she is, when an Indian Yogi shows her in a crystal what she may become by taking certain courses. These various "may-be's" are the subject of successive scenes representing her visions. The left-hand photograph illustrates one of them, in which she has sunk to a disillusioned drug-taker.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

The Viscount Grey. I had never before heard Lord Grey, and I was quite without prejudices in the matter of the League of Nations. One thing I soon discovered, both from the tone of his speech and the general attitude of the crowded meeting—there was no pacifism in the air. One shrill-voiced female in the gallery made the usual nuisance of herself, but nobody heard what she said. One had hoped that sort of badgering of public speakers, more particularly with the prestige of Lord Grey, was over for ever.

You have all read the speech, and you all know that it was dignified, statesmanlike, and a triumph of lucidity. That was to be expected. The quality which most struck me in the method of delivery was a negative one. I could discern no attempt to make one accept opinions against which the

cooler judgment would have rebelled. There was no appeal whatever to the emotions until we arrived at the peroration. There you were prepared for it; the subject, and the condition of our national affairs, rendered such appeal inevitable; to ignore the silent dead would have been affectation, if not worse.

For the rest, the speaker tackled the greatest and most difficult problem in the world with strength, perfect composure, and refreshing intellectual force. The League of Nations, of course, is far above politics. You may call it an idealist's dream; but I came away with the impression that Lord Grey is neither a dreamer nor a blind idealist.

I was glad, in short, that I had arrived at a quarter to four.

"LEAVING THE CHURCH": SEA, LAND, AND AIR WEDDINGS.



1. ST. PETER'S, CRANLEY GARDENS: CAPT. D. A. LEACH, CAMERON HIGHLANDERS, AND MISS NEST PRICHARD.
3. ST. STEPHEN'S, GLOUCESTER ROAD: LIEUT. REGINALD GOSSE, R.A.F., AND MISS HELEN GORDON JONES.

The wedding of Rear-Admiral Richard Webb and Miss Agnes E. Foster took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, on Oct 15. The bride-groom is the youngest son of the late Mr. Richard C. Webb, of Holt Lodge, Norfolk. Mrs. Webb is the only daughter of Mr. Richard J.

2. ST. MARY ABBOT'S: LIEUT.-COL. C. H. B. BLOUNT, THE QUEEN'S AND R.A.F., AND MISS BEATRICE LEMPRIERE.
4. ST. MARK'S, NORTH AUDLEY STREET: REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD WEBB AND MISS AGNES E. FOSTER.

Foster, of Stockeld, Weatherby, Yorkshire, and of the late Hon. Mrs. Robert Foster, daughter of the second Lord Bateman. The best man was Vice-Admiral Henry Campbell, who was the Prince of Wales's first governor when his Royal Highness was on board the "Hindustan."



A Matinée in Danger.

Peace in sight and peace in mind; but peace not within reach! That seemed to be the general situation last week when Miss Joy Ryde burst into my room with the announcement that Germany had surrendered to President Wilson's terms. All I could do was to sit up, take nourishment, and remark, "Isn't it splendid?" "But what will happen to the matinée which I have been working for with Helen Morris in aid of the R.A.F. Aid Committee and the R.A.F. Prisoners' Fund?" was Joy's reply. It is, perhaps, characteristic of her sex — dare I suggest it?



"WE MUST KEEP THE HOME PUSH UP FOR PERSHING": MR. McADOO, U.S. SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, WITH HIS AVIATOR SON.

In inaugurating the U.S. War Loan of \$1,200,000,000, Mr. McAdoo said: "We must keep the home push up for Pershing." His son is in the aviation branch of the U.S. Navy.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

activities, and I insisted upon reminding her of a certain occasion at the Garrick Theatre when, as Miss Rosie Boote, she made a slip while dancing in "In Town." "We are all allowed at least one slip in life," she replied; "but it's not very kind of you to remember mine." I remember it because, when I went to the theatre to see Miss Boote, she was quite the most charming dancer of her time.

Mr. Lloyd George Beating the Doctor.

While there has been all kind of prattle in the clubs and the boudoirs and elsewhere about peace, Mr. Lloyd George has been discussing with M. Clemenceau and other Allied representatives the essentials of any possible peace. He stayed at a little villa near Versailles, and I am told by those who saw him there that he seemed to be in the best of health, and fully recovered from his recent indisposition. A certain American journalist of democratic habits went up to the English Prime Minister a few days ago, and, putting out his hand, said, "Say, you're looking fine. Glad to see it. Heard you'd been ill." "With this sort of news one cannot be very long in the doctor's hands," was the Prime Minister's reply.



THE CANINE CROSS?

"Diplomas are about to be awarded to dogs serving with the Army for meritorious conduct in the field. There are now 18,000 of these faithful animals."—*Daily Paper.*

THE WAY OF THE WORLD



A Marchioness's Slip.

Peace or no peace, recruiting for the various Women's Kkaki Corps is going on apace. The Marchioness of Headfort has donned the uniform of the Women's Legion, and is now a person of great importance at Headquarters Staff. I saw her the other day, when she insisted upon talking to me about her khaki

DAUGHTER OF SIR R. D. MUIR AND WIFE OF AN OFFICER IN THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS: MRS. GODFREY KIESOW.

Photograph by Hoppe.

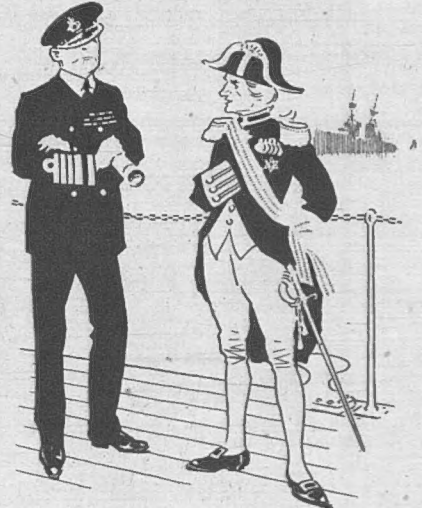


"A BETTER 'OLE' EVEN THAN THE OXFORD: "KIDDIES IN THE RUINS" IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE—MISS KATE SNOW (AS THE KAISER) BUYING A WAR BOND.—[Photograph by C.N.]

minds are being keenly interested at the present moment on the subject of ermine. This is said to be the conquering fur which everybody who is anybody will have to wear until the spring fashions come along. I went out the other morning on an expedition in Hyde Park, and there was enough ermine about to make a snow-storm. Quite a lot of charming people were present to show that London has not been entirely forgotten, including Lady Lanesborough, who was with Lady Betty Butler, Lady Blanche Conyngham, and Lady Helmsley.

Tam-o'-Shanters.

I happened to see Princess Patricia the other morning, looking as delightful as ever in a black tam-o'-shanter cap. I suppose we may safely interpret this as a precedent to the revival of the tam-o'-shanter. This opens an interesting possibility. If the tam-o'-shanter returns to popular favour, will the little pug-dog return, and all the rest of the ideals which governed life when our mothers were young? If the tam-o'-shanter does come back, some of us who want to be really in the know may even be forced to cultivate mutton-chop whiskers! A most terrible thought.



THE BEATTY NELSON TOUCH.
"Nelson Day is to be observed by the Navy League."—*Daily Paper.*

Bonar Law by Air.

Have you heard Bonar Law's description of his first air journey to France? "After ten minutes it was terribly dull," is what he said.

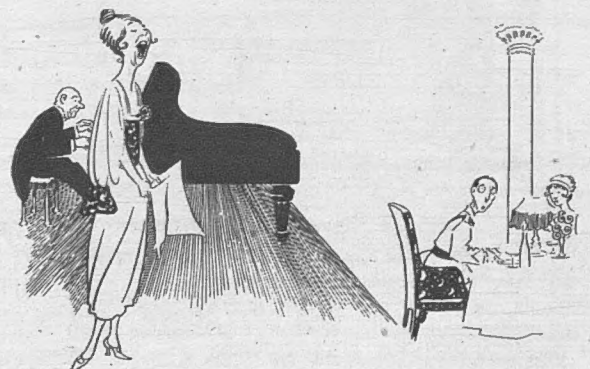
A Precedent?

The engagement of Prince Alexander of Battenberg and Lady Irene Denison added another to a list which was certainly not too long last year, but which it may be hoped will grow longer in the future. The most recent case was that of the marriage of the Duke of Teck with a daughter of the first Duke of Westminster, which brought the Grosvenor family into close relationship by marriage with Queen Mary. All Queen Victoria's sons married Princesses, though, on the other side, there are the weddings of the Princess Louise with the late Duke

of Argyll and of King Edward's eldest daughter with the Duke of Fife. In the eighteenth century these marriages were common enough to produce the Royal Marriages Act, requiring the direct consent of the Crown for the marriage of a Prince under twenty five.

The Prime Minister's Message.

All sorts of busybodies and generally nasty people—in the latter I must include quite a lot of women—have been trying to make all sorts of trouble over the fact that the Prime Minister, when



NOT AN ENTERTAINMENT.

"By a majority of three to two, five Judges in the King's Bench Division decided that meals at which there is music are not an entertainment for the purposes of the tax imposed by the Finance Act of 1916."—*Daily Paper.*

The Ermine Snow-Storm.

War is not the only subject of the moment. A number of very volatile

he sent his splendid message of congratulation to Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig and our victorious troops on the Western Front, started his message with the words—"I have just heard from Marshal Foch." The truth is that the message was sent off by Mr. Lloyd George to Sir Douglas Haig immediately after Marshal Foch had dashed into the War Conference to announce the British victory. Having heard the Marshal's news, the Prime Minister sat down and dashed off his message. Altogether a dashing affair; but the unfriendly criticism which has been levelled at "L. G." from certain quarters over the message can only be described as "dashed absurd."

Field Flowers.

It was with the trembling excitement which accompanies the announcement of profound and exclusive news that Lady Lymelyghte told me one day last week that Mrs. Lloyd George's name has been bestowed upon a new field-flower. This pleasant little custom opens up vivacious possibilities. What flower shall we name after Mrs. Asquith? And what lily shall we name after Miss Elizabeth? These



A BELGIAN HONOUR GIVEN TO BRITISH WOMEN; THE ORDER OF ELIZABETH MEDAL.

Photograph by Topical.

a great war." "How about myself?" asked the Crown Prince, speaking with great emotion.

Nobody answered him, and the hostess tactfully turned the conversation. Shortly afterwards, the Crown Prince left the salon. When he had gone the Duchess remarked, "I have a presentiment that the Crown Prince will never reign; he has so many enemies."



RUNNING A FUND (SINCE 1914) TO PROVIDE HOT DRINKS TO MEN IN THE TRENCHES: MISS GLADYS STOREY.

Miss Storey is the daughter of Mr. George Storey, R.A., the well-known artist.—[Photograph by Miss Compton Collier.]

Surrounded by his little court of kindred spirits, he used to lie full length on his rug when a school match was in progress in Upper Club, and devour cherries and strawberries whilst discussing the prospects of each candidate for the school eleven.

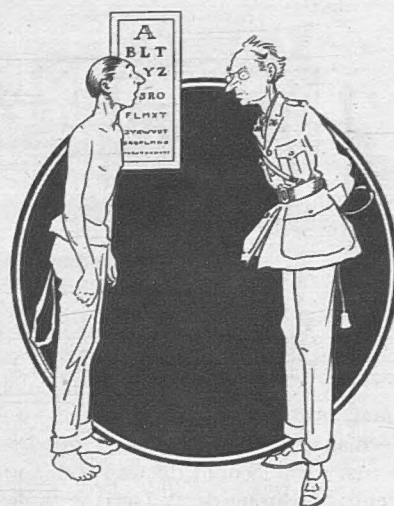
A Prophecy.

"George Curzon will go farther than anybody so long as he does not overdo it"—that was the answer given by the late Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, to someone who asked him in 1879 who was the most promising undergraduate then under his prophetic eye.

The Delight of the Dons.

Did he ever fight, or make a row? I can hardly believe it. His wars were mainly verbal, and old schoolfellows of his have confessed that his talents for "saying nasty things" quite made up for any deficiency in the power of physical retaliation. Jowett's prophecy has turned out well—may even yet enjoy the supreme justification. But then, after all, was not Jowett rather like Old Moore? I mean that his utterances were either Delphic or Sibylline, or vague—that is to say that they were always open to a variety of interpretations. The art of prophesying is dangerous, but a shrewd observer can generally find fairly clear guides by which to render superfluous the advice, "Never prophesy unless you know!"

THE WORLDLING.



AURICULAR CONFESSIONS.

"In the hearing test at the Air Ministry the other morning the doctor told the candidate to repeat certain words as he said them. The doctor began, 'What did you have for breakfast?' The candidate forgot the order and replied, 'Sausages.'"—*Daily Paper.*

Eton Memories of Lord Curzon.

An old Eton schoolfellow of Lord Curzon's was telling me the other day that, while Lord Curzon seldom played cricket—and when he did he was far from a champion—he was one of the finest judges of the game that ever lived.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE DIVORCE COURT: LORD JUSTICE PICKFORD.

Photograph by Sport and General.



"WITHDRAW 40 D": A DEMONSTRATION OF WOMEN PLACARD-BEARERS IN PARLIAMENT STREET.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

A Royal Tea-Party.

A remarkable story of a tea-party held at the Duchess Charles Theodore of Bavaria's house at Kreuth some years ago, at which the present war was prophesied and discussed, is told by M. Jean Bernard. Among those present were



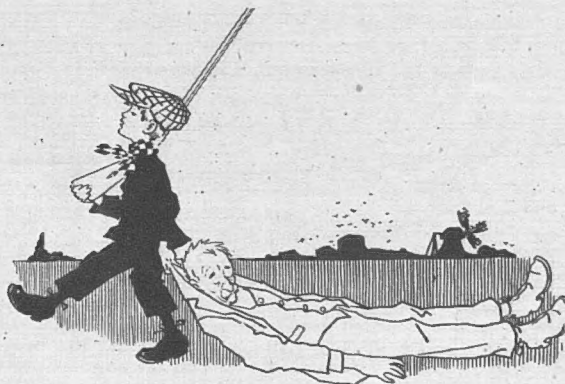
RADIO-INTENSIVE CULTURE.

"A date-palm, three orange-trees, an apple-tree, and a plum-tree can be seen growing together in a flower-pot from pips and stones in the grounds of the Society for Radiumising the Soil, at Dover."—*Daily Paper.*

are some of the great questions which I feel must be left for settlement after the war has run its allotted course.

A Prince's Popularity.

Everyone from a certain seacoast town whom I have met is full of Prince Albert's stay at that delectable resort. It seems that the Prince has taken a house of his own down there, and is very much at home. From what I have seen of him, this does not surprise me. He certainly has a gift for attaining popularity—a gift akin to that which made King Edward the most popular man in Britain with the working classes. When he was Prince of Wales, King Edward was once asked what it was precisely that made him so beloved of the British working man. "I do everything that they would do," was his reply, "if they had my money and occupied my position."



SPORTER BOYEE!

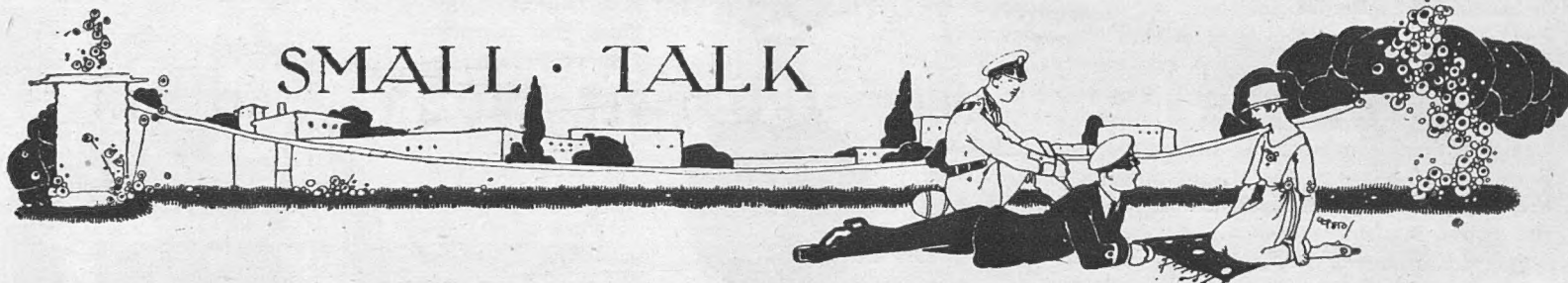
"The Reigate Bench to-day ordered Reginald Creweson, aged 12, of Horley, to be birched. Lying in a field, the boy fired twice at a girl, with a shot-gun. Later, near his own home, he fired at a man, the pellets striking him on the back of his head. The father of the boy, an instructor of technical subjects, was fined 40s."—*Daily Paper.*



WITH JANE ANN: MISS ATHENE SEYLER (NOT MADE UP FOR THE NIGHT), OF "ROXANA," AT THE LYRIC.

Photograph by Miss Compton Collier.

SMALL TALK



GOOD spirits are infectious, more especially when they are exhibited by "people who matter" and at a time of crisis.

More than one diner at a fashionable restaurant the other day went home immensely heartened by the sight of Mr. Balfour and Lord Robert Cecil both together, and both, apparently, in the best of spirits.

"A. J. B."—it was just about the time the German peace dove had set out on its journey across the Atlantic—positively radiated genial benignity and cheerfulness. Lord Robert Cecil was one continual smile. Mr. Balfour looked like the last person in the world to describe anyone as a "brute." But, for all his philosophic outlook,

the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs knows exactly when to indulge in "straight talk" and no camouflage about it. His "brutes they were when they began the war, and brutes they remain," in reference to the Germans, hits off the general feeling to a nicety.

A Royal Speaker.

Royal speeches, excepting those made by the King at the opening of a new session, are rare. This is not because royalty can't "speak," but simply because etiquette has, so far, stood in the way of any exhibition of oratory on the part of a member of the royal family, beyond the necessary formula at an "opening" ceremony. Even if, as occasionally happened, a royal lady, carried away by enthusiasm, went beyond the regulation sentence, her remarks were usually left discreetly unreported. Gossip had it that the King was not in favour of publicity being given on such occasions. Whether or not that is a fact I know not. If it was, his Majesty has apparently changed his mind, and Princess Marie Louise made a modest "hit" as a speaker to a distinguished audience the other day. Unlike so many other, and possibly more practised, orators, her Highness stuck to her subject, and said what she had to say clearly and without haste. It was quite a brief affair, but long enough to suggest that, if her Highness means to make a habit of it, she will find her time fully occupied.

No End to Engagements.

War-end-in-sight felicitations on everybody's lips were varied and augmented in a wide circle by the congratulations offered to Miss Bridget Guthrie on her engagement to Lieutenant-Colonel James. Her father, the late Mr. Murray Guthrie, was once the beau of the House of Commons, and he had one immense admiration in life—it was for red hair. Her mother, now Mrs. Guthrie Stirling, has fame as a wit. She it was who, on the morning of Lord Lansdowne's famous letter, rang up a friend on the telephone to ask, "Are we Lansdowne-hearted?" The sister of Sir John Leslie, she is at present occupying in Talbot Square the house of her clever nephew,

Mr. Shane Leslie, author of "The End of a Chapter."—Lieutenant-Colonel James is the son of Mr. Henry James of Hurstmonceux, Sussex—no relative of the great Henry who lived not a long way off. The novelist hesitated between two charming Sussex villages, Winchelsea and Rye—hesitation was a habit with him—but he finally settled everything happily by living at one so that he might look at the other!

She Works.

The Hon. Emily Kinnaird is one of those workers beside whose ceaseless activity in the cause of her beloved Y.W.C.A. other people's efforts, even their best ones, are apt to look a trifle meagre. The head of the organisation that has done so much for the women whom the war has drawn into the labour market never attempts to pose as a "super" worker or anything like it. But she is gifted with a tireless energy, which she expends freely in the service of others. What is almost more important, she infuses something of her own enthusiasm into each person with whom she comes in contact. No wonder her work is a success.

Another Daughter.

Girl babies are, it almost seems, determined to prove that they are not going to be done out of a place in the world, even if there is a war on. Lady Titchfield is now the mother of two daughters. Graceful and aesthetic Lady

Bonham-Carter has just presented baby Laura with a wee sister. The Bonham-Carters' cheery-looking brick house, with its jade-green railings, faces you as you walk up Manchester Street; and just why certain journals persistently described it as a temporary abode, and others explained at length the beauties of a mythical home in Westminster, has never been fully explained. Lady Bonham-Carter likes space and dislikes overcrowding, so that the beautiful white lacquer furniture that was one of her wedding-presents is in no danger of being overlooked by even the casual visitor.

A Serious Politician.

For a young man, Mr. Ormsby Gore, who will contest Stafford in the Unionist interest at the next election, takes politics very seriously. Whether eight years' experience as Member for Denbigh, or his close connection with the

Salisbury family (he married Lady Beatrice Cecil in 1913) accounts for the attitude it would be difficult to say. He has the reputation of reading Disraeli and thinking for himself. What is even more important in view of a possible General Election in the near future is the fact that he has had a first-hand acquaintance with the war, and his journeys to Palestine on behalf of the Foreign Office have provided him with plenty of material on German financial and economic methods that should prove invaluable in an electoral campaign.



TO BE MARRIED ON OCT. 24: BRIGADIER-GENERAL HOARE—MISS VIOLET REID WALKER.

Miss Violet Reid Walker, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reid Walker, of Ruckley Grange, Shifnal, Shropshire, is to marry, tomorrow, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, Brigadier-General R. Hoare, D.S.O., youngest son of the late Mr. Thomas Rolls Hoare.—[Photographs by Bassano]



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER G. E. HARDEN, D.S.O., R.N.: MISS EANSWYTHE WOOD RENTON.

Miss E. Renton is the younger daughter of Sir Alexander Wood Renton, late Chief Justice of Ceylon, and Lady Wood Renton, of Radlett, Herts. Lieutenant-Commander Harden, D.S.O., R.N., is the second son of Lieutenant-Colonel Harden, of Camberley.

Photograph by Sarony.



MARRIED, OCT. 22: MISS HONOR HUSEY (MRS. G. L. M. CLAUSON). Miss Honor Husey, whose marriage to Captain Gerard L. M. Clauson, eldest son of Sir John Clauson, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., High Commissioner of Cyprus, and Lady Clauson, took place yesterday, is the only child of Mr. Ernest Louis Husey, M.V.O., and Mrs. Husey, of 24, Gloucester Square, W. Captain Clauson is on the General Staff Intelligence, Cairo.—[Photograph Lafayette.]



MARRIED RECENTLY: LIEUTENANT D. R. L. RAILTON—MISS MARIETTA DELPECH.

Lieutenant David Richard Lawton Raiton is in the Royal Air Force, and is the only son of the late Mr. Richard Lawton Raiton. Miss Delpech is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Delpech, of Rayleigh, Essex. The wedding took place at St. John's Church, Southwick Crescent, Hyde Park.

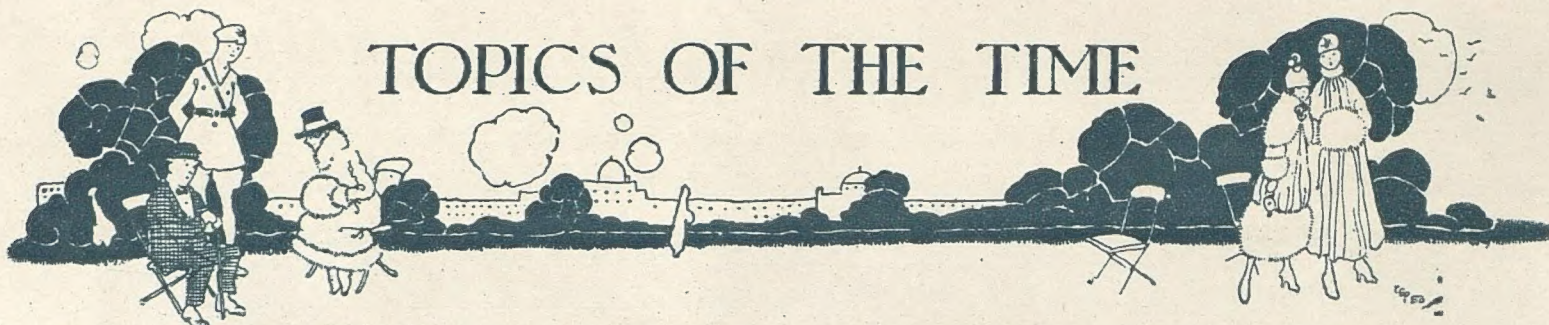
WITH THE GRAND FLEET—IN SPIRIT: MOTHER AND SON.



A GREAT SAILOR'S WIFE AND SAILOR SON: LADY BEATTY, WIFE OF ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY, AND HER ELDER BOY.

While her husband is in command of what Admiral Sims, of the U.S. Navy, called the other day, "the foundation stone of the cause of the whole of the Allies"—namely, the British Grand Fleet, Lady Beatty interests herself enthusiastically in all war-charities that affect the welfare of sailor-men. She is an American, daughter of Mr. Marshall

Field sen., of Chicago. It was in 1901 that Miss Ethel Field, as she then was, married the already well-known young officer and future Admiral, and they have two sons—David Field, and Peter. The elder, here seen with his mother, is to be admired for following in his father's footsteps.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



YOU and I—and THE NEWS in general! And we look like having the wine to do it justice!

Indeed, it would seem as if coming events really *did*—and so on. On Friday I read that a German prisoner had reported to his captors that the spirits of his officers had suddenly become desperately low. And on Saturday I read that, by being driven back on the Rheims sector of the front, the Germans had for ever lost touch with from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 bottles of the best! (The latter Note was from everybody's Butler—Frank Hedges of that ilk.)

Karl, your effort to be jolly seemingly has gone to bits. Max, a cloud of melancholy on your brow Bavarian sits. Gottlieb, your distracted glances match your agitated air. Franz and Fritz, your countenances are the picture of despair!

Well I know what agitates you—what has wrapped you all in gloom. Not because the whole world hates you and rejoices at your doom. But because that wine you'd tasted in your fancy now is *ours*—not by devils to be wasted, but to toast the Entente Pow'rs!

I can see you and me getting along well with that standard house of ours, can't you? I refer, of course, to the one which Mr. Hayes Fisher says we are to live in when the Kaiser has responded with becoming alacrity to the "Sign, please" summons of the Entente dictators. (Unless Mr. Fisher's scheme comes to the ground like a standard house of cards.)

When the standard House of Commons and the standard House of Lords make us live in standard houses made of standard bricks and boards, these will all be built to standard with accommodation which shall comprise a parlour, bedroom, and a bath-room, and a "kitch."



THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF ONE OF THE CAPTORS OF CAMBRAI: LADY HORNE AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS "KITTEN" HORNE.

Lady Horne is the wife of General Sir H. S. Horne, commanding the First Army, which took part in the capture of Cambrai. Their home is at Priestwell House, East Haddon, Northants. Lady Horne was originally Miss Kate McCorquodale, and when she married General Horne, in 1897, was the widow of Mr. W. J. S. Blacklock.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

From our standard house (they'll tell us) a delightful view is seen—if it wasn't for the streets of standard houses in between! We will get a standard wardrobe (with a shelf for standard boots), where you'll keep your standard dresses and I'll keep my standard suits.

We will have a standard house-dog (wide awake, although he nods), to protect our standard household and our standard household gods.

For my standard house I'm thinking of a standard housewife too; and I'm quite prepared, if *you* are, for a standard life with you!



WITH CERTAIN FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS: LADY HORNE AND HER DAUGHTER.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

But a standard household legend says no standard household yet was completely up to standard with no standard household pet! And I'm not a little puzzled as to where, in such a jam, we would put the standard cradle and the standard household pram!

It is not often that new light on the world's past leads to great discoveries, and I am sure that historians of all grades and shades will be falling on the neck of Sir Martin Conway for his uncompromisingly elucidative utterances regarding a supremely important State secret.

Mark the open, blue-eyed guilelessness with which Sir Martin deals with this secret. "A friend of mine," he says, "has papers which I have seen. These papers contain facts relating to a very important turning point in the history of a certain country. . . . Nobody has the ghost of an idea what they are about. . . . Nobody will ever know unless those papers become accessible, but my friend has the papers under a solemn promise through a dead man that he will not reveal their contents." The whole thing being thus satisfactorily disentangled from its sinister undergrowths of obscurity, it remains only for our historians to fill in that blank page in the world's diplomatic records; and for Sir Martin Conway to be lunched and stroked and patted at the Aldwych Club, in grateful recognition of his enlightening contribution to the history of Europe.

Oh, softly speak and lightly tread, and shut the door and gather near, and bend the diplomatic head and stretch the diplomatic ear! For I've a bomb-shell up my sleeve which, were it to the masses hurled, would most amazing things achieve, and revolutionise the world! Such secrets as are in my breast no living man before possessed!

Oh, lightly tread and softly speak, and gather near and shut the door! I'm terrified of every creak of every board of every floor! The secret that I hold, if known, would blanch the face and rock the hand of every King on every throne of every State of every land! . . . That's all I am allowed to say! I *knew* you'd be impressed! Good-day!

A. B. M.

FASHION REPEATS ITSELF : 1804 (STAGE) AND 1918 (OFF).



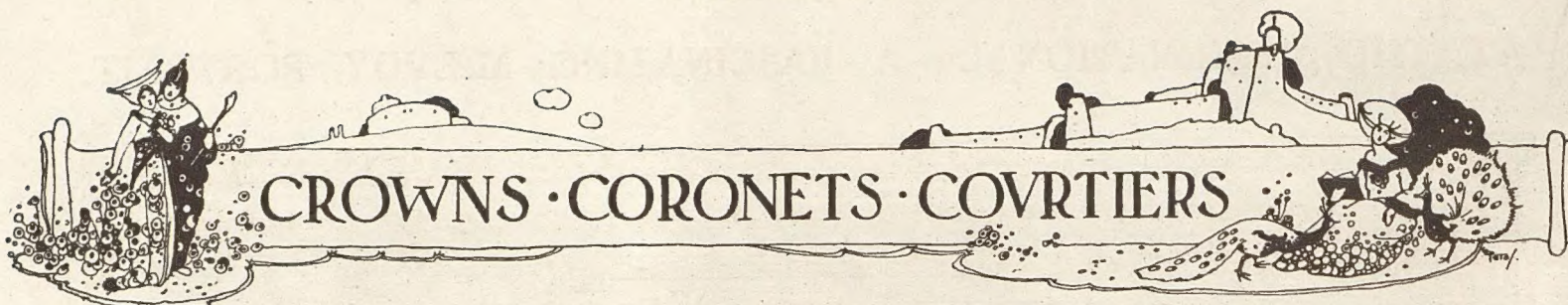
1. AN 1804 COSTUME : MISS AMY BRANDON-THOMAS AS VALENTINE BOUDET IN "THE PURPLE MASK."
3. EVENING DRESS IN 1804 : MISS AMY BRANDON-THOMAS IN "THE PURPLE MASK."

2. A 1918 COSTUME : MISS AMY BRANDON-THOMAS IN MODERN ATTIRE AKIN TO THAT OF 1804.
4. EVENING DRESS IN 1918 : MISS AMY BRANDON-THOMAS IN A MODERN GOWN.

An interesting example of the way fashion, like history, repeats itself is illustrated in these photographs of Miss Amy Brandon-Thomas, who plays Valentine Boudet in "The Purple Mask," now at Princes Theatre. The time of the play, a romantic comedy of the Napoleonic era, is

May 1804, and Miss Brandon-Thomas wears costumes of the period. Comparing these, as shown above, with the other photographs of her in dresses of to-day, we see that—apart from details: material, the angle of a hat, and corkscrew curls—there is little difference in design.

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding.



THE American editors carry home with them no pleasanter recollections than those of their visit to Sandringham. The weather was perfect—and the news. The King was accordingly in the best of spirits, and he talked now to one and then to another in a way that won the hardest Republican heart. He said, among other interesting things, that some thought a defeated Kaiser would commit suicide. But this was not his own opinion. Only cowards committed suicide, and the Kaiser was no coward. Speaking of his last visit to the trenches, the King said that somebody pointed him out to an American lad, who said, "Snakes! Where's his crown?" Whereat the King laughed heartily. All the same, even the American editors were themselves astonished at the extreme simplicity of his Majesty's manner and speech in the midst of the domesticities of York Cottage.

The Apple of Accord. One of the guests recalled the story of a cow-boy who came to England, and, among other adventures, found himself for the first time in his life seated at supper beside a Duchess. "Duchess," he said, "I don't know the right way to address you, but I know you're very good to look at." And that was just what the guests tried to tell the Queen and Princess Mary. Three royal generations helped to make the day memorable for the visitors, who went from York Cottage to Sandringham House. Queen Alexandra took her guests through the gardens almost without having recourse to the little pony carriage in attendance to spare her fatigue. One favoured editor came away with an apple Queen Alexandra impulsively picked for him in what he will always remember as the Garden of Eden. A friendly waving of hands from the royal party was the last memory of Sandringham the visitors carried away.

A Rhyme of the Time. The poet of the party, on the journey home, improvised a series of lines expressive of the success of the visit. I rob them of their cumulative ingenuity by remembering only a few of them—



WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF A DISTINGUISHED OFFICER: MRS. MAYNARD AND FELICITY.

Mrs. Maynard, who is seen in our photograph with her daughter, Miss Felicity Maynard, is the wife of Major-General C. M. Maynard, C.M.G., D.S.O., who distinguished himself in recent military operations at the front.

Photograph by Bassano, Ltd.

As I was eating apple-tarts
At Sandringham, at Sandringham,
I found myself with men of parts
At Sandringham, at Sandringham.
The King, he is the King of Hearts
At Sandringham, at Sandringham.

One thing the American men of letters say they are finally cured of—superstition. The first party set sail for England on a Friday, and they numbered just thirteen—inviting the submarines! And the 13th was the date of the visit to Sandringham—among their happy English experiences the happiest of all.

Lord Lytton's Brother.

The decoration of the Legion of Honour can be worn with especial grace by Major the Hon. Neville Lytton. His early memories are those of Paris when his father was our Ambassador there; and, later, the Paris studios became the home of his artistic soul, barring always his belief in Titian as the biggest man who ever held a brush. In his delightful Sussex home Neville Lytton built not only a tennis-court proper, but also a subsidiary house for a French artist-friend to occupy. The beginning of the war found him ready to make the great sacrifice. It was not a case of camouflage. He made himself so good a soldier, and he had so great a following from men on and about the Crabbet Park estate that he was speedily gazetted a Major. After fighting during the days of stress, and nearly losing his life by the explosion of an enemy bomb in his quarters, he was appointed as a sort of master of ceremonies for visitors, French and English, to the British front. And the way he has with him makes even life in camp seem delightfully dignified and human!



A WAR-WORKER, WITH HER CHILDREN: MRS. GUY WATKINS.

Mrs. Guy Watkins, of Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, W., has, throughout the war, entertained many wounded soldiers, and has proved herself a valuable war-worker.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Men of Medals. Will medals in multitudes be worn in England after the war? Some people say "Yes," and some people say "No." When uniforms are put away once and for all, medals will remain as the handy commemorators of the valour of men who turned soldier to save their country. Never before has the civilian been taken into an army and then returned to his private career with so much emphasis and speed. The situation demands new treatment, and the War Office, which will give some authoritative lead, is already knitting its brows over the problem. In France the question hardly arises. Distinctions are worn by civilians. Badges are not boycotted in Paris. The Frenchman is more conventional, after all is said, than his English brother. The frock-coat is still the French civilian's; and if you see the wearer of a top-hat walking anywhere round about Albert Gate, you need look no closer—it is M. Cambon.

Those Gossips.

Youthful bridegrooms have been so numerous since war began that it is not surprising to find gossip busy over the possible matrimonial fate that will finally overtake the Marquess of Blandford, whose position as heir to the Dukedom of Marlborough makes him rather more than ordinarily "eligible" in the eyes of matchmaking mammas. Whether a perfectly natural desire for youthful and cheery company or a serious intention to "love and to cherish" accounts for recent rumours time only can show. But if the young Marquess really contemplates following the war fashion, he will only be doing what his ancestors and his father did before him.



WIFE OF AN OFFICER ON ACTIVE SERVICE: MRS. BENEDICT BIRKBECK.

Mrs. Birkbeck, of whom we give a hitherto unpublished portrait, is the wife of Lieutenant Benedict Birkbeck, Coldstream Guards, who is serving in France. She is the daughter of Lady Alexander, of Cadogan Square.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

AT THE INTERNATIONAL: A FASCINATING McEVOY PORTRAIT.

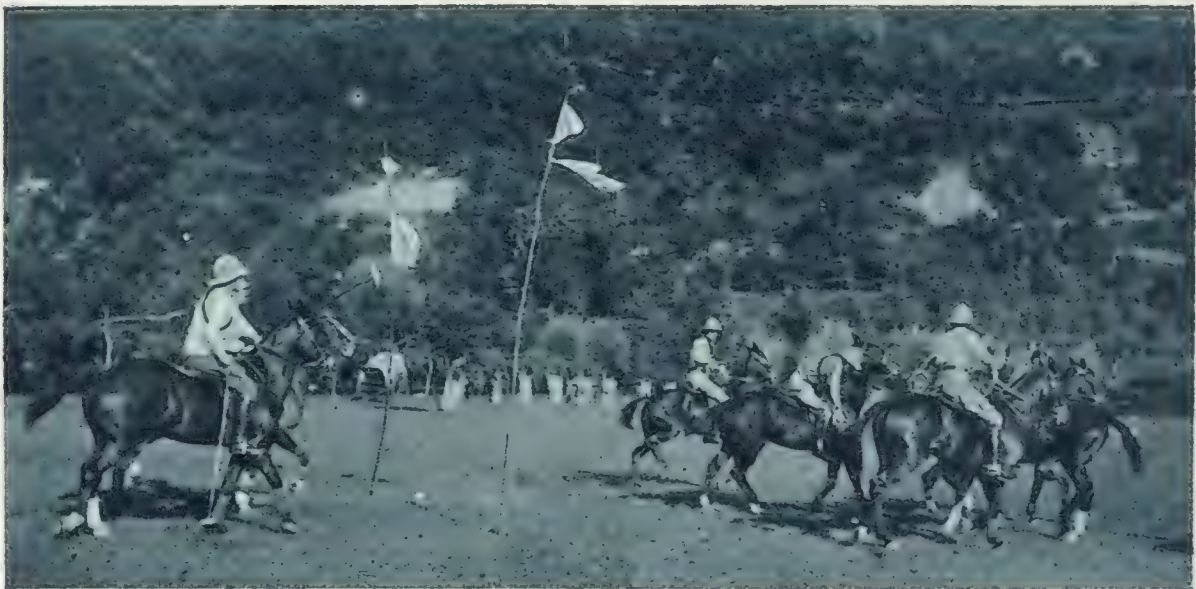


FORMERLY MISS PAMELA PLOWDEN: THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON.

There are few ladies, if any, better known in art circles or in Society than the Countess of Lytton. Before her marriage to the Earl of Lytton, she was one of a galaxy of beautiful and clever girls whose names were instinctively associated with the new art movement in its most fascinating developments. The exquisite and the unconventional made strong appeal to her in all forms of art expression, and, among

other things, she was a constant "first-nighter" at the leading theatres. Miss Pamela Plowden, as she then was, won a reputation for beauty and charm which she retains to the full as the Countess of Lytton. Needless to say, her portrait—as well as the other McEvoys—is a feature of the Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Engravers, at the Grosvenor Gallery.—[*Photograph by Paul Laib.*]

A RARE TREAT FOR OUR OFFICERS IN ITALY: POLO.



A POPULAR ARMY GAME UNDER WAR CONDITIONS: A BRITISH DIVISIONAL GENERAL AND HIS STAFF
PLAYING POLO, NEAR THE ITALIAN FRONT.

Polo has always been a popular sport in the British Army, but in war time there are naturally fewer opportunities to enjoy it. On the Italian front, however, a British Divisional General and his staff, while temporarily out of the line, managed to get up a game, which is seen in

progress in our photographs. Although there has been a lull for some time as regards large operations in Italy, there have been frequent raids, artillery actions, and air-fights. Thus on October 11 the British G.O.C. reported: "We raided the enemy's trenches opposite Asiago."

British Official Photographs.

THE DISTAFF SIDE: AN INTERESTING QUARTET.



A WAR-WORKER: THE HON. MRS. ERNEST GUINNESS; AND DAUGHTER.



EARL'S DAUGHTER AND NURSE: LADY JUNE BUTLER.



TO DRIVE A CAR IN FRANCE: MISS DORIS CORY.

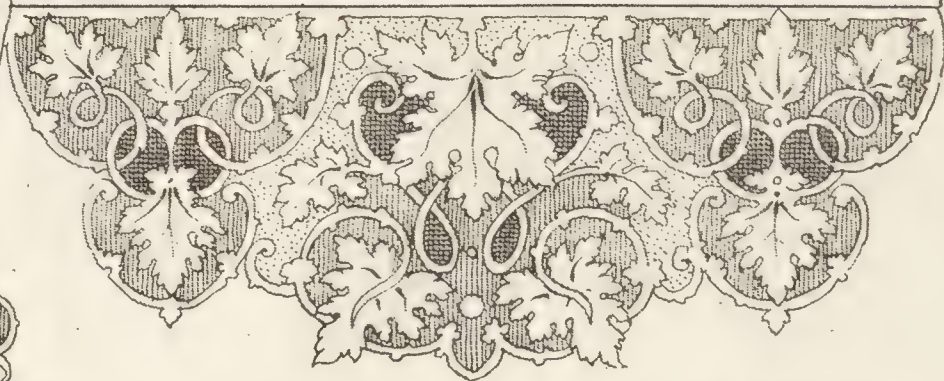


A NEW PORTRAIT: THE COUNTESS DE VISMES.

The efforts of the Allies and their lady-helpers in war-work of various kinds show no falling off, despite the promised clearing of the sky. The Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness is the wife of the Hon. Arthur Ernest Guinness, second son of Viscount Iveagh. Her daughter, Miss Aileen Guinness, was born in 1904.—Lady June Butler, younger daughter of the Earl of Carrick, has been nursing at the Auxiliary Hospital, Hod-

desdon, and is an ardent war-worker.—Miss Doris Cory has recently been dancing for charity, and is going to France to drive a car for the American Army. She is a grand-daughter of Mr. Richard Swales.—The Countess De Vismes is the wife of the Count A. W. T. De Vismes, who is a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards and is on active service. —[Photographs by Bassano, Poole, Lallie Charles, and Swaine.]

A BUTTERFLY, A TARTAR, AND A GOOD-HUMOURED LADY.



1. THE RUSSIAN BALLET AT THE COLISEUM: MME. LYDIA LOPOKOVA IN "PAPILLONS."

2. THE PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET: MME. LOPOKOVA IN "PRINCE IGOR."

3. IN "THE GOOD-HUMOURED LADIES," AT THE COLISEUM: MME. LUBOV TCHERNICHEVA.

Mme Lydia Lopokova has won many new admirers of her art as *première danseuse* of the Russian Ballet at the Coliseum, as also has Mme. Lubov Tchernicheva, one of the other principals, whose miming is remarkable. Of the ballets here illustrated, "Papillons" and "Prince

Igor" were old favourites, but "The Good-Humoured Ladies" was new to London until the present season began. It represents a hilarious Venetian revel at a seventeenth-century carnival, and has been compared to "a farcical comedy played at the speed of a cinematograph film."

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



SOME WEAR IN ENGLAND!

FROM THE PAINTING BY KATIE MAYER.

HARNESSING THE AMERICAN EAGLE



WINGED; AND ON THE STAGE OF NATURE: Mlle.

When we gave a portrait of Mlle. Roshanara in our Issue of June 19 last, she was appearing at the Winter Garden, New York, and was giving a new dance to the popular vogue, amid natural surroundings out of doors. Mlle. R

A FAMOUS DANCER IN NEW POSES.



SHANARA, IN SOME REMARKABLE OPEN-AIR STUDIES.

"The Moon Flower." The above photographs, which have just come to hand from New York, show her in some of her latest costumes, and posing, according to Shanara is, of course, also well known over here.—[Photographs by Count Jean de Strellecki.]

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INTRODUCER OF A NEW MEMBER TO THE ASQUITH PARTY.



MOTHER OF A SECOND DAUGHTER: LADY BONHAM-CARTER.

Lady Bonham-Carter is the elder daughter of the ex-Premier, by his first marriage, her mother having been the daughter of the late Dr. Frederick Melland, of Rusholm, Manchester. Her marriage to Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., who was Private Secretary

to Mr. Asquith when the latter was Prime Minister, took place in 1915. The new arrival is her second child. The elder, also a daughter, Helen Laura, was born last year. Lady Bonham-Carter has always been very popular in Society, and is receiving many congratulations.

Photograph by Compton Collier.

"I LOVE THEM ALL JUST A LITTLE BIT": PRINCIPALS



1. THE JAZZ BAND: MISS ELSIE JANIS AS IRIS (IN THE CENTRE), WITH THE CHORUS OF PALACE GIRLS.

3. LOVE-MAKING IN "PARIS": MISS IRENE MAGLEY AND MR. STANLEY LUPINO.

4. PETER SHERIFF AND IRIS (AS A FRENCH OFFICER): MR. OWEN NARES AND MISS ELSIE JANIS.

"Hullo, America!" at the Palace, having been subjected since the first night to a certain amount of the judicious pruning customary in revue, is settling down to a big success with the prospect of a long run before it. Miss Elsie Janis, as Yvonne Iris Fiammetta Lane, a vivacious American girl, with an English

APPEARING IN "HULLO, AMERICA!" AT THE PALACE.



2. NOT IN THIS CASE CAMOUFLAGED AS A RUINED VILLAGE: "TRAFALGAR SQUARE"—STARS AND STRIPES.

5. DANCING IN "PARIS": MISS IRENE MAGLEY AND MR. STANLEY LUPINO.

6. "I LOVE THEM ALL JUST A LITTLE BIT": MISS ELSIE JANIS AND MISS IRENE MAGLEY.

lover in the person of Mr. Owen Nares, is the life and soul of the piece; while Miss Irene Magley, with her dainty dancing, has won high favour; and Mr. Stanley Lupino is, as usual, a first-rate mirth-provoker. The success is well earned and not surprising.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



AND LO! THE BIRD IS ON THE WING.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

VERY pretty conceit, quite à la Maeterlinck, that of letting loose over London the blue birds of happiness on the Children's Day. When, oh when—"some time, this year, or next year?"—shall we women, manless women, have Our Day, with for an emblem that blessed bird—a White Dove carrying a little green twig in its beak?

Apropos of my two policettes Bobette and Policia, a young Guardsman "you" tells me that he knows of an energetic and enterprising little lady whose ambition it is to enter the Force, but not the ordinary police (forgive me the term "ordinary," O big Man in Blue!)—she aims at the Military. It is a job of Provost Marshal which appeals to her.

Her job would undoubtedly have its possibilities (and impossibilities!). What would she have done, for instance, on the night of—no, let us keep it dark!—had she, attracted by the rag-time echoes, happened to raid a certain fascinating flat within a stone-throw of Piccadilly, and been surrounded by a hot and happy crowd of young people in different designs of night get-up (paradoxical that)—attire, then? Would she have thought herself in a hotel for honeymoon couples, a nursing home for mental cases, or—? Where she really would have strayed into was an innocent if unusual party of happy pyjama-ed people, and what would have followed would have been she following suit—or pyjamas, rather! Being a human woman and easily tempted, the Marshalette would have donned and condoned and "Jazzed" till dawn with the rest. But even I was tired the next day!

Still, at the pace at which women's activities are advancing, Marshalettes may yet be with us—at odd and awkward moments! I was struck by women's (some women's) ability the other day, when, entering a friend's office, I saw two pretty auditoresses (or lady auditors) perched on tall footstools so as better to reach the big books on the high desks, and the capable way in which they swept the formidable columns of figures with their quick eyes and their whisker curls seemed to be amazing and marvellous. Fortunately for my self-respect (for I felt an utter fool by contrast with those accountants), I walked a few moments afterwards in a West End shop where it took three women and a pencil to calculate how much three yards of chiffon velvet at fourteen-and-eleven the yard should come to! Formerly

the young lady behind the counter had only to rap up with the flat end of her pencil (very bad for the lead that) on the glass case for a black and bland shop-walker in ambush behind the flannels to surge up and check the hieroglyphics that represented your expenditure; but the other day I walked out of the shop unconsciously carrying off seven perfectly good pennies of the firm's money!

I shall, of course, send them back as conscience-money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer!

Weren't you rather intrigued and interested to hear that on a certain farm somewhere in England land girls are taught their agricultural duties by "rhythmic motions"? Doesn't it evoke in

your mind a sort of Morris-dancing behind the plough, cow-milking in cadence to the accompaniment of the flute (which must set the cows ruminating deeply), and sowing seed with a noble gesture of one hand while playing the cymbals with the other?

The originator of this graceful scheme must have been inspired by the happy precision of the "Good-humoured Ladies" of Russian Ballet fame. Let us hope that the land girls are equally good-humoured; but what of the cows musically milked, the hens assassinated to the strains of Saint-Saëns' "Swan," and the pigs cured



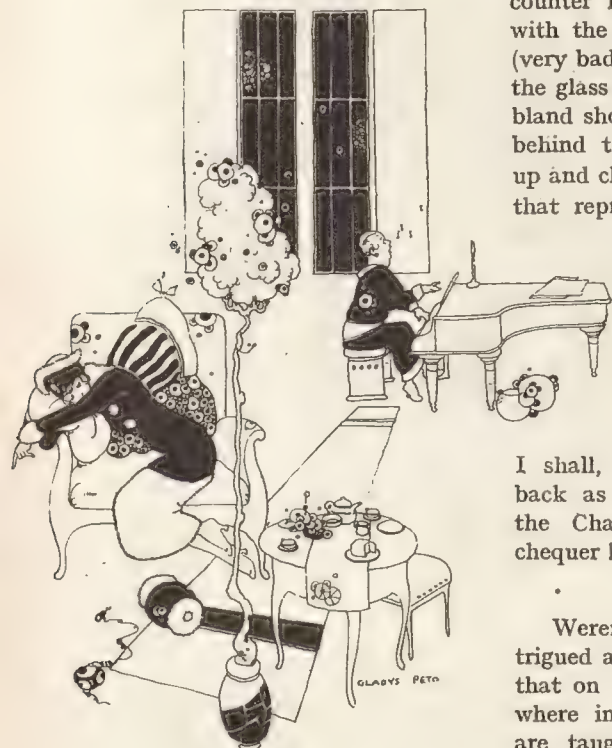
"She aims at the military."

by a Greek Chorus? Isadora Duncan and Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson may look to their laurels.

The idea of rhythmic motion and manual labour is not altogether new in my country. In many parts of France the wine-grapes are still pressed by the primitive method of dancing upon them. One or two violin-players produce the necessary noise, and the villagers, bare-footed, dance the quadrilles and the *bouree* on top of a huge strainer until the whole *récolte* only purple pulps are visible, the juice having filtered in large *cuvées* underneath to cheer you up in the course of time. *A votre santé!* I hope that this bit of information will not have the effect of making teetotalers of you all!

A hospital like a charming English home is, I hear, installed at Wimereux, and is maintained and run by Lady Hadfield, wife of Sir Robert Hadfield, the Ford of this country. Lady Hadfield spends practically all her time at this hospital, which, as Three-Pips avers, is the jolliest place out of Blighty—and, he adds, the only hospital in France maintained by private people.

Green hats are all the rage just now. Lunching at the Hyde Park Hotel, I saw Lady Dorothy Mills in a small brocade hat with green ospreys, and Lady Beaverbrook in a green velvet hat which went admirably with her little son's kilt.



"Even I was tired next day."

A SNAP. FROM IRELAND : AT RAVENSDALE PARK.



A POPULAR PEERESS OF DUTCH DESCENT : THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN AND HER SONS.

The Countess of Arran, who is of Dutch descent, is one of the most charming of our peeresses. Daughter of Baron Huyssen van Kattendyke, of The Hague, she was married, as Miss Mathilde Jacqueline Marie Beauclerk van Kattendyke, in 1902, to the sixth Earl of Arran. Her two sons are Arthur Paul John Charles James Gore, Viscount Sudeley,

born 1903, and the Hon. Arthur Strange Kattendyke David Archibald Gore, born in 1910. The Earl of Arran is a distinguished soldier—Captain, Adjutant and Brevet Major in the Royal Horse Guards, served in South Africa in 1900, and was mentioned in despatches, and awarded the medal with four clasps. He also served in the European War.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



PERHAPS because they are afraid that history repeats itself, the German historians have discreetly left unrecorded some of the most unpleasant details connected with the German revolution of 1848. But Mr. Legge supplies their omissions in his "Rhyme and Revolution in Germany," and has collected "contemporary accounts, by eye-witnesses of and participants in the struggle, of the fierce fighting at the barricades, of the humiliation of Frederick William IV., and of the flight to London of the Prince of Prussia, later the 'hero-Kaiser' William I." The spectacle of a Hohenzollern eating dirt as if he liked it," he adds, "is more than we may be prepared for; and even unofficial and liberal German historians, for all their courage and conscientiousness, have generally shrunk from telling the story down to the last degrading details."

Mr. Legge has no such qualms; he pictures the whole thing in the liveliest, vividest manner. As soon as the revolutionaries were in the ascendant, Frederick William, with characteristic Prussian duplicity, swallowed his native arrogance, humbled himself to his people, and professed to be in full sympathy with their aims, while he was writing private letters that belied his public statements. He wore the colours of the rebels, and rode in procession with them; he stood bare-headed at the funeral of the civilians who had been killed in the fighting, and allowed the soldiers who had died for him to be buried unhonoured. He wallowed eagerly in degradation and hypocrisy for the sake of saving his skin, and getting a chance to break his pledges and recover his lost authority. Meanwhile, the Crown Prince fled by the back door, and sought refuge for a while in England. History will not repeat that part of the tale. When the present Crown Prince takes to his heels in earnest, it won't be along the road to London.

Summarising his studies in "The Women Novelists," Brimley Johnson remarks that, with the possible exception of Charlotte Brontë, they were all stern realists, and that even she can scarcely be called romantic. He thinks that in all probability "the heroes and heroines of romance were mainly conceived for young ladies, and popularly supposed to represent their ideal. Wherefore, when women began to express themselves they—more or less consciously—

issues of life, are realistic. The great romances, the great stories of sentiment, have been written by men.

For, whether they are writers or readers, men are, in the main, much more sentimental than women. Who writes the ridiculously ecstatic letters which convulse the breach-of-promise Courts? Who writes all the best love-songs? Who, in spite of continual disillusion, insists on idealising love and marriage and woman and the relations between the sexes? Frank Swinnerton knew what he was about when he allotted most of the little sentiment and idealism in his brilliantly clever "Shops and Houses" to his male characters. There are, perhaps, four lovable women in the book, and at least a dozen who would justify any celibate of his vows. But is Beckwith, which is described as not so much a place as "a sort of disease"—is it an exception, or is it representative of the little suburban towns that lie within easy reach of London? It is a hot-bed of snobbery and scandal, and Mr. Swinnerton pictures the life of the district and analyses the very human nature of its people with a skill that is as masterly as it is merciless. He is merciless at times with Dorothy and Louis Vechantor; but, unlike the man-hunting Hughes girls and their detestable circle, these two are not in need of much mercy, and even Mr. Swinnerton has to be a little sentimental with them at last.

"The Veiled Woman," though it deals with real and topical affairs, is essentially a romance, and a capital romance too. It plunges you into "the complex and dishonest world of British politics," the feminist question, reconstruction after the war, and tells how a secret marriage for money ended by bringing about the tragic downfall of an ambitious Labour M.P. On the very day of his marriage to a lady in high society he is denounced by his first wife, whom he had believed to be dead, and denounced by her, moreover, from the benches of the House of Commons. Of course, she had to put on a coat and trousers in order to get there; she had been a prominent Member for some time before her husband, who was her political rival, goaded her to a course of action that ended her public career as well as his. An impossible story? I won't say that. Anyhow, a thoroughly readable one.

The Y.M.C.A., which has played father and mother and fairy-godmother to the Allied Armies throughout the war, has become an international institution, and the story of its founding and its founder—in the new and revised edition of the Life of Sir George Williams, "The Father of the Red Triangle," is sure of a general welcome. It traces a great movement from humble beginnings, and its graphic, intimate sketches of business life add appreciably to our knowledge of Victorian London.



UNVEILED BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA:
THE NURSE CAVELL MEMORIAL
AT NORWICH.

Queen Alexandra visited Norwich the other day and unveiled a statue and opened a Home erected by the Citizens of Norwich in memory of Nurse Edith Cavell. Her Majesty also visited the V.A.D. Red Cross Hospital at the Lord Bishop's Palace. Our photograph shows the Memorial to the brave nurse.

Photograph by Sport and General.



VISITING WOUNDED SOLDIERS: LADY HAIG.

Lady Haig, wife of Sir Douglas Haig, is seen in our photograph visiting wounded soldiers at the Cardigan House Club, Richmond, where she met with an enthusiastic reception.

Photograph by C.N.

set out to expose this fallacy: to prove that they could enjoy and face real life." However that may be, Mr. Johnson has written an able and very interesting book, and is obviously right in his conclusions. Practically all the great novels written by women, whether they deal with the comedy of manners or the more tragic

BOOKS TO READ.

- Rhyme and Revolution in Germany. By J. G. Legge. (Constable.)
The Women Novelists. By R. Brimley Johnson. (Collins.)
Shops and Houses. By Frank Swinnerton. (Methuen.)
The Veiled Woman. By Violet Tweedale. (Herbert Jenkins.)
The Father of the Red Triangle. By J. E. Hodder Williams. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Abraham Lincoln. A Play. By John Drinkwater. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)
From Alleys and Valleys. By Eric S. Robertson. (Erskine Macdonald.)
Old Saws and Modern Instances. By W. L. Courtney. (Chapman and Hall.)



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ENLIGHTENING!



BESSIE: You'll have to be awful good now, Bobbie.

BOBBIE: Why?

BESSIE: 'Cos I heard father tell mother he was goin' to put in a new 'lectric switch.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



ON GUARD

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A manufacturer's "good name" is represented by the character and value of his products and by his reputation for fair dealing. His Trade Marks, or the names attached to his products to ensure easy and certain identification by the consumer, evidence his faith in their superiority or value in actual use. The maker's "good name" in this way comes to be represented by his Trade Mark, which steadily grows in value as his goods spread into public use.

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BRITISH DESIGNERS AND THE AMERICAN AIR-FLEET.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

APPARENTLY the American genius for making inevitable mistakes and putting them right in record time is asserting itself in aircraft matters as well as in the rest of that nation's war business. A special Congressional Committee has held an inquiry into the initial errors which prevented all those tens of thousands of promised aeroplanes from arriving early this year by the specified date, and seemingly that Committee has sat pretty hard on the people who were responsible. It may be some considerable time before they recover from the effects of the Committee, but, meantime, American aircraft production is doing very well indeed, thank you! And, as a result, American aeroplanes and engines are beginning to arrive in "Yurrupe" in quite appreciable quantities.

British Designs Predominate.

It is very much of a score for British aeroplane designers that it should have been publicly announced that, out of all the designs submitted by the other Allies to the American Government to be put into production in America, British designs predominate. America had the pick of French and Italian designs, and some of the crack pilots of each country went to the States with sample machines, in order to demonstrate the efficiency of the aeroplanes submitted. The selecting of the chosen designs must have been a fairly exciting job, for one gathers that every pilot of every competing country did his level best to outstunt all the others in the effort to show off the qualities of his mount. The performance must have been something like a cross between a horse-show and a competition for the World's Acrobatic Championship—if such a thing ever existed. Anyhow, the British competitors scored heavily.



THE AERIAL POST BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO: AN AIR-POSTMAN RECEIVING THE LAST OF HIS FIRST SET OF BAGS OF MAIL, AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE SERVICE.

Photograph supplied by S. and G.

Three Favoured British Types.

The American papers comment quite freely on the whole business, relying, apparently, on the British control of sea communications to prevent copies of themselves from reaching Germany via neutral countries. Or else the American Censorship is surprisingly lenient. However, as it is quite possible that the Hun Intelligence Department has not yet got hold of all the information which it would like, one had better say only what is known—namely, that the British machines most in favour in America are the Bristol Fighter, the de Havilland, and the Handley-Page.

The Bristol Fighter.

The first is a wonderful two-seater fighting machine, of fairly low power, which simply knocked spots off the Hun "chaser squadrons" last winter. It was as fast as their fastest single-seaters, and climbed better than most of them; and, in spite of being a two-

seater, was just as manœuvrable. In addition, being a two-seater, it could fire all round itself, so that it was very dangerous for a single-seater to attack, and was itself able to attack just as well as any single-seat chaser. Naturally, its designer, Captain Frank Barnwell—who, by the way, built, along with his brother, the late Harold Barnwell, the first aeroplane built in Scotland—has improved it in detail since last year, and so the American Bristols are likely to give the Hun chasers some more rude shocks.

The "D.H." The second, designed by Captain Geoffrey de Havilland, of the Aircraft Manufacturing Company, Ltd.—Mr. Holt Thomas's gigantic concern—is a high-powered single-engined bomber. Captain de Havilland is himself one of the pioneers of British aviation, and built and flew his own aeroplane away back in 1909 or thereabouts. Although the de Havilland



THE AERIAL POST BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO: MAIL-BAGS FROM CHICAGO BEING TRANSFERRED TO A MOTOR AEROPLANE-SERVICE VAN AT NEW YORK.—[Photograph supplied by S. and G.]

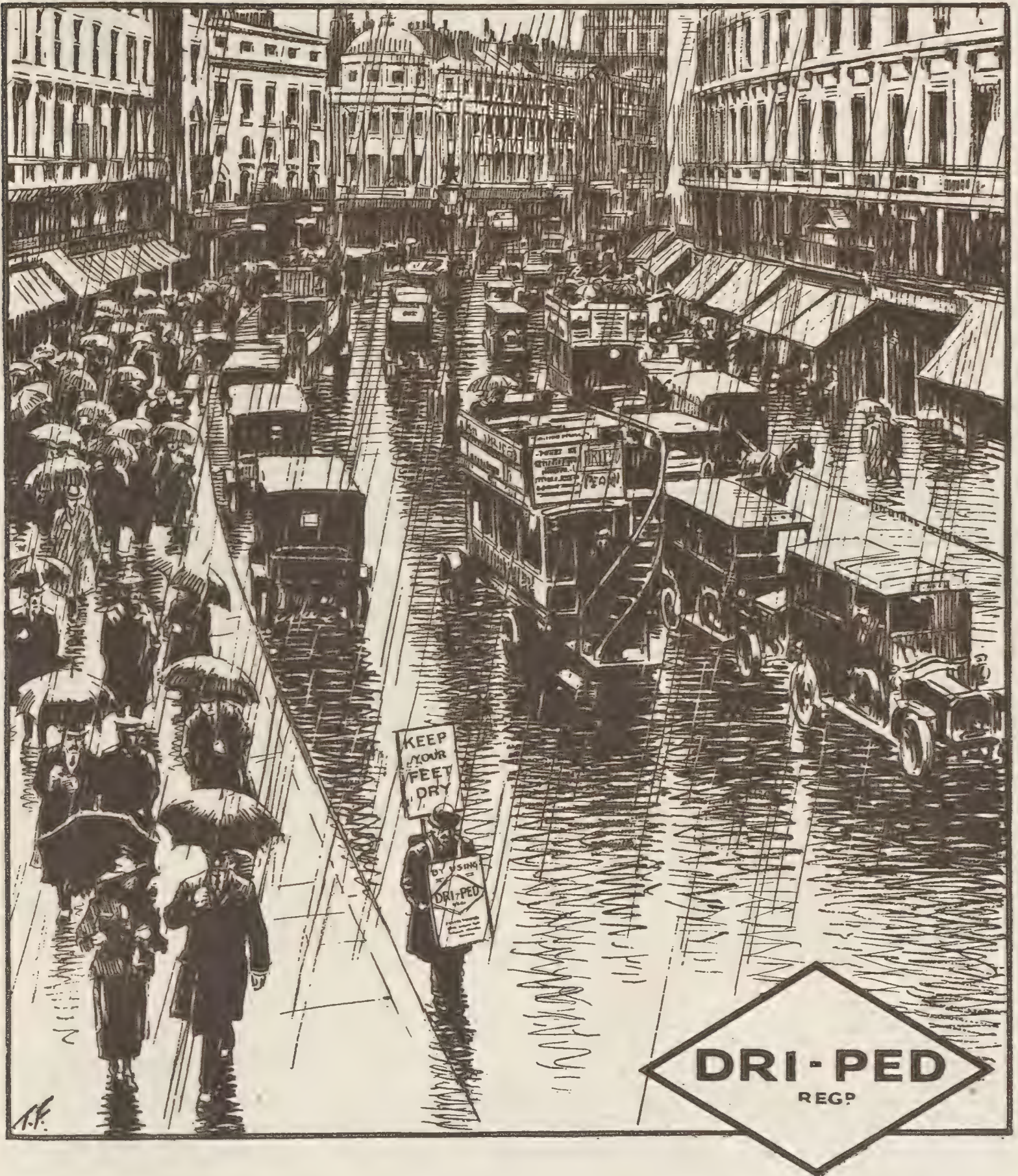
bomber cannot be chucked about in the air like the Bristol Fighter, it is quite capable of defending itself, for it is very fast in spite of its load of bombs, and carries a gunner after who can bring very useful protective fire to bear. The de Havillands of late 1917 and early 1918 are quite familiar to the Hun, who has captured sundry examples, and photographed them and drawn them and analysed them with meticulous care (as his technical papers have shown), but here again the designer has not stood still, and so the American "D.H.'s," as they are generally called, are likely to give Fritz yet more rude shocks when they start bombing the Vaterland in earnest over the heads of the German Army.

The Handley-Page.

The third is, perhaps, to-day the best-known of all British aeroplanes. Mr. Handley Page, the creator, designer, and constructor all in one of these huge, multiple-engined machines, is distinctly one of the successful young men of the age. He has undoubtedly captured the imagination of the people of this country with these great aeroplanes which calmly fly across Europe to bomb Constantinople or to relieve Damascus.

An Air Fleet in Being.

The Handley Page big night-bombers have certainly caught on in America, and are likely to be as popular with the American Air Fleet as they are unpopular in the Rhineland cities and among the German inhabitants of Belgium. Naturally, one cannot say anything about the latest editions of the "H.P.s," beyond that they show that appreciation of the need for constant progress which has been the keynote of their creator's own success. If some German mathematician can make that statement into an algebraic equation, and thus work out the size, speed, and bomb-carrying capacity of the latest "H.P.s," he deserves all the information he can get out of it. But probably he will feel the effects of the American and the new British "H.P.s" before he arrives at his results. For the American Air Fleet is rapidly becoming a Fleet in Being.



Drawing by T. Friedinson.

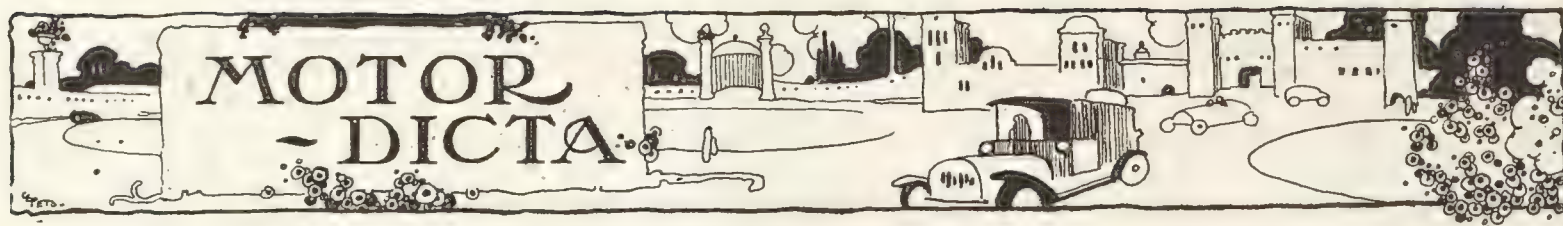
Dri-ped Leather's War-time Services

No. 3.—The West End.

The West End is not the West End of 1913: It is more serious, more in earnest—and youth is nearly all absent from its thoroughfares. What civilian element one sees represented there is all for efficiency—and carrying-on under difficulties means keeping good health and reducing expenditure. That is why in War-time, Dri-ped, the Super-Leather for Soles, has become a leading factor in our national economics.

"Dri-ped" is not a mere trade description; it is a brand by which you may recognise the only leather of its kind in the world. Not all green leather is Dri-ped; no leather is Dri-ped unless it bears the diamond trade mark in purple every few inches.

Dri-ped, the Super-Leather for soles, is waterproof, double-wearing, light, flexible. It is used by repairers for re-soleing, and is readily obtainable on new footwear for War Workers.



IS THE MOTOR INDUSTRY PREPARED FOR PEACE?

By GERALD BISS.

THIS is not the place to discuss the bona fides of the Hun—if such a term can be used in connection with such a discredited nation—or the quality of the camouflage concealing his ulterior intentions, of which the world will know a good deal more by the time these "Motor Dicta" reach the cold light of print; but it is now pretty obvious that he is in sorrier plight even than we had hoped for. Therefore it is legitimate, without being categorical, to project our ideas beyond the dreary duration of our discontent and preamble on the outskirts of peace conditions.

that money will be very tight throughout the world, and that price is going to prove a prime factor in the question of success or failure.

The Tug of Peace. Of course, we all know that British manufacturers have been frightfully busy and altogether engrossed, each upon his special war work; but absorption in the present, which is now surely in the throes of passing from us after over four years of unavoidable arrest, must not let them keep their eyes shut too long to the exigencies of the future, which is now



WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN ITALY: ANTI-AIRCRAFT WORKSHOPS.—[British Official Photograph.]

Para Pacem. One question which has been considerably canvassed of late is whether the motor industry is prepared for peace; and many have their doubts. Out of common fairness to this particular manufacture, it must be remembered that probably no other manufacture has in the main been more completely and fundamentally dislocated by the demands of the war upon its organisation. Consequently, the difficulty of switching back to normal and reconstructing rapidly will obviously be proportionately greater; but time must be the very essence of success with the fierce outside competition to be faced in all the markets of the world. Therefore, it behoves our motor magnates to lose no further time in getting on to the ball, and canvassing public support in a less vague and more practical fashion than by simply inviting them to subscribe their names to a long waiting-list—to open their mouths and shut their eyes, in fact, and see what the manufacturers send them. No doubt, it will be very good—in certain cases at any rate, banking on past accomplishments and reputations; but the

dawning. The public wants to get its teeth into something tangible in good time before its appetite be tempted, if not sated, elsewhere. It would be a national economic tragedy if, after such a glorious record, the old parable of "too late" were to prove the finale of even a proportion of this great British industry. However, in Mr. Underdown at the head of the A.B.M.A.M., and Mr. Albert Brown in the chair of the S.M.M.T., it has two very energetic and capable men in command who are not likely to let the grass grow over the floors of our hugely enlarged factories. War contracts are terminable upon pretty abrupt, if not arbitrary, terms—and then is the time to be prepared and ready for the tug of peace.

In Praise of Engine-Starters. One auto-scribe in a contemporary has raised considerable discussion by recently pronouncing uncompromisingly against the engine-starter, expunging it from his list of necessities after the war and forecasting its doom. Frankly, I do not agree with him from personal experience,



WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN ITALY: AT A DIVISIONAL MOTOR-TRANSPORT WORKSHOP.—[British Official Photograph.]

sooner the expectant public can be favoured with something a little more tangible, the better for the motor industry in the long run.

First Come, First Bought. If peace is to come shortly—by which I mean even within a few months—there is no time to be lost, as competitors will soon be in the field with their goods temptingly arrayed; and, after such a period of hungry hiatus and weary waiting, it is apt to be a case of first come, first bought. The first served, it may be noted incidentally, will have to pay a higher price in view of the condition of the raw-material markets; but that many will be prepared to do in their eagerness for possession, regarding it in the light of a premium for early delivery, of which we saw a good deal—some think a good deal too much—in the early days of the evolution of the industry. But motor manufacturers must not lose sight of the essential fact

It may not be an absolute rock-bottom necessity, like most things, especially upon a small and easily cranked car; but my own opinion is that nobody who can run to this most comfortable accessory will do without it, cutting down rather, if absolutely compulsory, in other directions. Many will save the initial cost in a very short time out of the erstwhile wages of a chauffeur, with whom so many will dispense, as the result of their war experiences, both as an ornament at the wheel and a human cranker of engines. Personally, I have always regarded the swinging of an engine, especially a large and recalcitrant one, as the most objectionable blue-bottle in the honey of automobilism, especially in later years, when you can just take your seat, tuck yourself in comfortably—to say nothing of the girl next to you—touch your magic starter, and glide off with ease and dignity combined. But I must confess frankly that the best of everything has always appealed to me—when I could get it!

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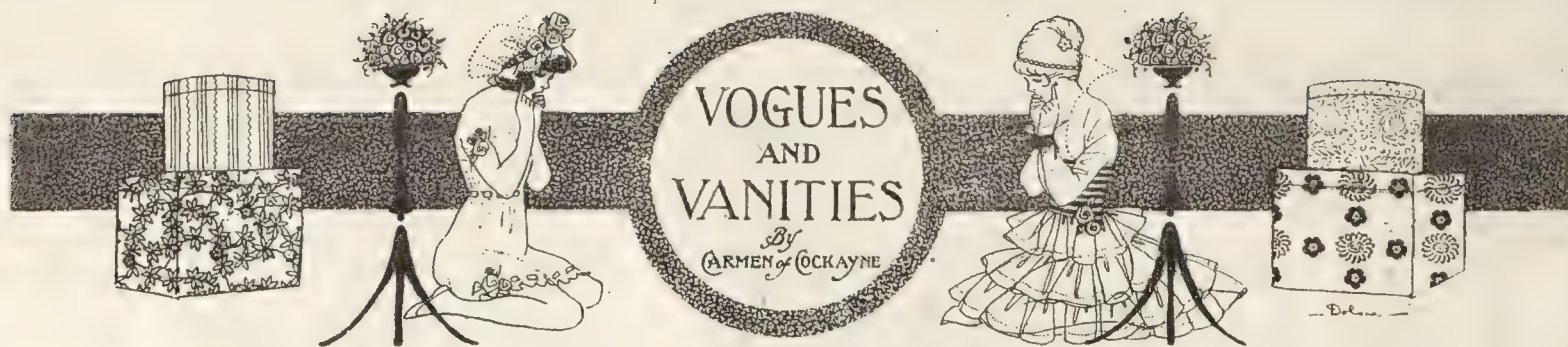
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Owing to shipping difficulties Cigar Stocks are low. If you have a good stock of LA CORONA Cigars and will advise me, I shall be pleased to refer to you customers who have difficulty in finding them.



One Result of It. The recent peace talk has brought about some curious results. It has gone to women's heads. Not that Mrs. John Bull is in any danger of losing her reputation for sanity and common-sense; but it wouldn't be difficult to forgive a stranger from another world if he failed to discover any signs

in women's clothes of there being a war-on, and more especially in their hats. Even the strongest-minded have found it hard to refrain from indulging their hitherto sternly repressed love for pretty things, at the moment they catch the eye, since Marshal Haig started to issue his daily bulletins of progress and still more progress, and Lloyd George heard from Foch that the British Army were getting a move on. If each victory that has lately fallen to the British arms has not sent every woman flying to the dressmaker to talk about a peace frock, it has at any rate had the effect of making a good many of them realise that, so far as winter hats are concerned, they have positively "nothing that's fit to wear."

Otherwise, how can you account for the sudden outburst of

The newest way to arrange a veil is to make it do scarf-duty.

heady gaiety that's been making the streets look so cheerful after a régime of more or less subdued dullness that, however defensible on grounds of economy, didn't help to make life any easier on that account?

Their Infinite Variety.

The fact is that winter hats are almost as varied as Mr. Winston Churchill's jobs, and far more interesting to the average woman, who understands very little about a 12½ per cent. bonus or its consequences, but has a very lively and intelligent appreciation of everything that helps in any way to make her look even more attractive than Nature made her. A well-chosen frock goes a long way in the desired direction. But there's nothing like a well-chosen hat for completing the good work begun by the dressmaker. Wise choice is only possible when there is plenty to choose from; and, though the hats Dolores has sketched on this page to-day illustrate several becoming alternatives open to the woman in search of smartness, there are plenty of other means to the same end in the millinery salons at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, where the originals of our illustrations can also be studied at first hand.

They Don't Know.

Dense m a n looks upon a hat merely as something with which to cover the head. Every woman knows that that is its least important function. The hat may not make the lady, but it does "make" the toilette in which she daily faces a critical world of women; and not a few *retroussé* noses, too high foreheads, and other little deficiencies of that kind can

be very cleverly camouflaged beyond recognition if they happen to belong to a woman with a dress-sense, and not to one without it.

It Can't be Done. It is impossible, for instance, to criticise an uplifted nose-tip when the wearer's face is

framed in a picture-hat with a quite un-war-time palisade of osprey posed all round its black velvet brim. It's equally out of the question for a superfluous mole to be reckoned an offence when its owner can afford the becoming luxury of waving paradise plumes in an otherwise simple hat; and quite homely features become, if not pretty, at least piquant under a wing-trimmed hat of black panne with a pert tuft of paradise perched at either extremity. Just exactly how the recent edict against the use of metal thread was meant to operate it is difficult to decide, but, so far at least, it has not exercised any detrimental effect on hats.

If it had been otherwise, Peter Robinson's would never have been able to use dull silver tissue and black chiffon-velvet brocade for a toque, the floating veil attached to which is decorated with a design in dull jet beads of the kind that the artist in hats is, so prone to use just now. As for lace, the people who make hats seem to have suddenly awakened to the fact that it is rather more than a little becoming, and one inspired one uses the knowledge to uncommonly good advantage in the long scarf veil that is gracefully draped from the front of a tam-crowned toque of Kolinsky sable, with a taupe-coloured brim to match the clear-meshed lace-edged veil that gives it beauty and character.

Fuel as Trimming. There is a story of a German *Hausfrau* who complained that her "undies"—made from paper-thread—returned

a mass of pulp from the hands of the laundress at the first washing. It really wouldn't be surprising to hear of women over here grumbling at the Coal Controller raiding their millinery cupboards for fuel. Wooden beads—quite a lot of wooden beads—are rather important things in hat schemes of the moment.

Wooden beads of every size and colour, round beads, square beads, oblong beads, and barrel-shaped ones, are the sort of things the millinery expert uses from choice on the fashionable velours hats one sees on every side, and that form one of the most attractive as well as the most cheerful of the many exhibits in the millinery salons of the Oxford Street house. Jade-green, a rich deep-rose, and shades of mulberry are the most popular colours, but there are others equally attractive for women who don't fancy those already mentioned.



Paradise plumes make one think of peace as well as plenty: they're always frivolous.



A beaver-border goes all the way towards keeping a floating veil in something like order.



This kind of trimming is only possible when there is no Controller for ospreys.



The mode believes in balance; that is why there are tufts of paradise each side of this black velvet hat.



*A sergeant emitting eloquence—saying
??? !!!—a marching and counter-
marching—a platoon getting hotter and
hotter—and limper and limper and
limper—a furtive consulting of wrist-
watches—an order “Dismiss” at last
—another drill to your credit—*

and after that— a pipe of Bond of Union.

The hotter you are, the more you need a cool tobacco. On the march, by the wayside, at the office, in the train—wherever you are, whatever the thermometer may say—you can always be sure of a cool smoke if the tobacco in your pouch is Bond of Union. Mild, 11d. oz.; Medium and Full, 10½d. oz.

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Le Kanopus EGYPTIAN Cigarette

Made in Cairo, Egypt, of mellow and matured Oriental tobaccos. No added cheap leaf, or other adulteration.

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High-class Tobacconists everywhere stock ‘Le Kanopus.’ Ask for this brand when you want a good Cigarette.



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Not Dour Now. We are all cultivating the victory look—rather, it has arrived to us. Quiet we are, for in early days of warfare the unwritten law went forth that, until the Hun was beaten out and out, there should be no general rejoicing. We left that to Berlin

—and behold it now, after all its victory celebrations! We cannot, indeed, behold it with our eyes as yet; but we can imagine what it is like from what we read! It is a vastly different thing to make a tour of the West End now to what it was two months ago. Then we were all grim and dour, and not talkative. Now we are grim still, but not dour; and there is joy in our ready speech, and we are interested again in pictures and music, and flowers, and the beautiful things of life. We look forward in hope and thankfulness: we know that torpedoings and other wild and wicked deeds are but the devilish manifestations of the evil spirit before it is forcibly cast into outer darkness, weeping, and gnashing of teeth.

Ever Our Joy. We may call a blouse just what we will, and, camouflage it ever so wisely, it

remains with us still. There is the draped blouse of ruby velours patterned with pale-gold, worn over a slender skirt of soft black satin, which we designate a dinner-gown, or a rest-gown, or a bridge-gown as occasion dictates. A blouse it is, and a blouse it was when we first saw it, among many sisters, in Peter Robinson's wonderfully stocked salons, and decided to make it our own. Contiguous to it was another of our cherished possessions—a good long, substantial, wine-coloured, knitted woollen blouse, which is the very comfort of life, and of which we think gratefully when fearful friends foretaste the chills of the coming winter. There are other blouses too, some of them in printed voile in lovely colours, which we also acquired in our beloved Peter's, and of them we think together with the joys of victory.

King Manoel in Ireland.

I wonder what King

Manoel thought of Ireland, and what the Irish people thought of him? He did not escape torpedoing by much space of time, and the Huns would probably have exulted over killing the husband of a Hohenzollern who elects to live in, and love, England. There is a great deal of Spanish blood in Ireland; although it started in the Armada days, when Spanish seamen and soldiers wrecked off the Irish coast stayed and married there, the type is even now strongly marked in many districts. The Spanish and the Portuguese have several characteristics in common, which is part of the reason that they do not get on well together. The Portuguese and the Irish have a love for grievances in common;

(Continued overleaf).



Even a dull morning is made cheerful if you wear a matinée cape like this. It is a rosy affair of silver-splashed pink satin, edged with fur. The cap, which is also pink, has a huge flyaway bow at the back of it.



These white crepe-de-Chine cami-knickers owe their upkeep to the assistance of cherry-coloured ribbons that lace them together.



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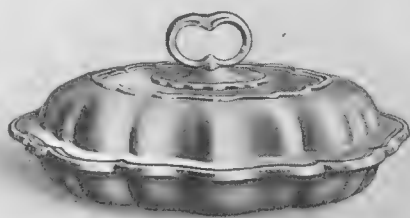
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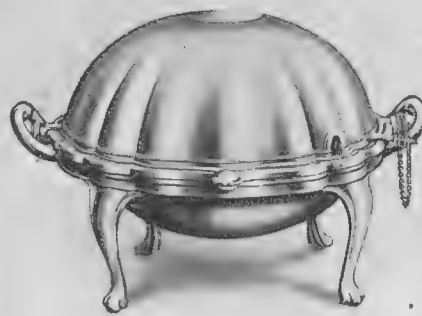
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Breakfast Dish or Soup Tureen, with lining and drainer, 10 in. long, £16 0 0

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P 256

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"Ovaltine" is the ideal food beverage for convalescents, because it is a highly concentrated extract of the vitalising and reconstructing elements required to build up and fortify the system.

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Builds up Brain, Nerve and Body.

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THE designs of "Vigil" Silk keep pace with the changes in Fashion and lend themselves admirably to the new vogue in skirts. They are distinctive and distinguished enough to attract attention and are yet in perfect taste. "Vigil" Silk is one of those rare productions that consist entirely of pure Silk without the cheapening addition of cotton or tin to give it artificial weight.

OWING to war conditions the supply of "Vigil" Silk is limited, because it cannot be manufactured so easily as cotton materials, but it can be obtained from the leading drapers. (Look for the name on the Selvedges)

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At the Dressing Table

By MIMOSA.

How Milicent Cheated Father Time.

I HADN'T seen Milicent for over three years, when I called on her a few days ago. I knew she had taken up munition work at the beginning of the war, and from what I had heard of her from time to time, hard work, early rising, and late to bed, I quite expected to find her looking older and very much the worse for her three years' work. But far from looking jaded and tired, I found her younger and fresher than when I had last seen her. Her complexion was smooth and clear, and her hair brighter, and more glossy than before, while the few wrinkles which I remember had entirely disappeared.

How She Preserved Her Complexion.

After a little persuasion she told me the secret of how she had not only kept, but improved, her looks during the three years in which we had not met, in spite of her hard work and late hours.

She told me she owed the freshness of her complexion to the regular use every night of a little plain mercolised wax. This she rubbed gently into the face and neck, leaving it on all night, and washing it off in the morning with warm water. She had entirely given up the use of powder, which she told me she felt sure caused wrinkles, and was using instead a lotion made by mixing an ounce of clemantine in about two ounces of water. This lotion gives a most natural appearance, and is beneficial to the skin, and judging by her complexion, I can well believe it.

Removing the Wrinkles.

When I asked what she had done to remove the little wrinkles which I remembered round her eyes and mouth, she told me "Nothing." The use of the mercolised wax had done the trick without any effort on her part. This wax, it seems, gently peels off all the dead outer skin, slowly and imperceptibly while one sleeps, and with the dead skin, all lines and wrinkles, leaving the fresh young complexion beneath clear and smooth.

A Slight Growth of Superfluous Hair.

There was another point upon which I was very curious. Milicent used to have a slight growth of hair on her upper lip, which I am forced to admit, entirely spoilt her claims to being considered a pretty girl, and this, too, had entirely disappeared, owing to the use, she told me, of a little powdered pheninol. After two applications, she said, all traces of the growth had disappeared, but as a precaution she had used some tekko paste for a couple of weeks afterwards.

How She Kept Her Hair Bright and Glossy.

To keep her hair in good condition she had shampooed it regularly every fortnight with a dessert-spoonful of stallax dissolved in hot water, then dried it without rinsing (as this is not necessary when using stallax) and given it a good brushing. Every month she gave it a stimulant in the form of a simple tonic. For one week in every four she massaged into the roots every night a tonic made by mixing an ounce of boranum with four ounces of Bay Rum or Eau de Cologne.

A Perfectly Natural Colour.

Milicent had always been naturally pale, and I remarked on the pretty flush which had come into her cheeks. This, she confessed, was not natural (although it had deceived even an expert like myself), but was brought about by using a little pure collindium, which she applied to her cheeks with a piece of cotton wool. The beauty of this colour was, that it appeared absolutely natural, for it deepened as the atmosphere became warmer, just as a natural colour would.

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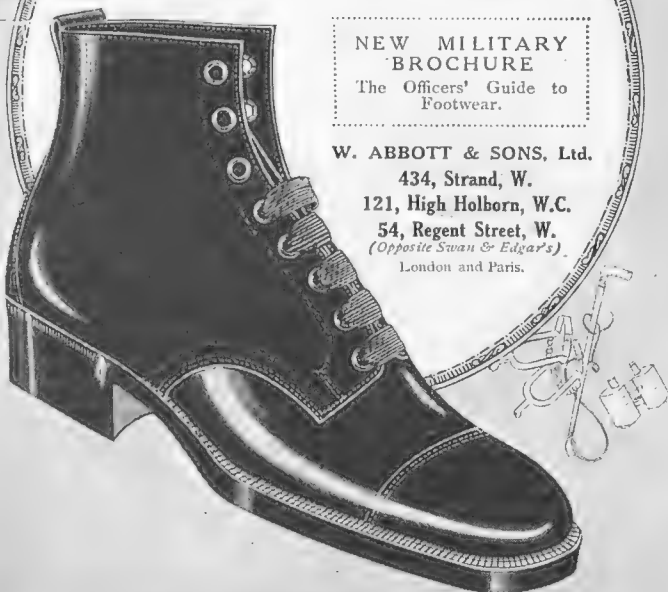
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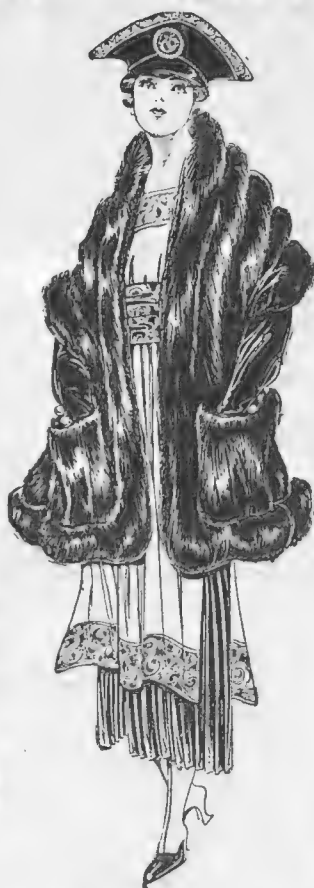
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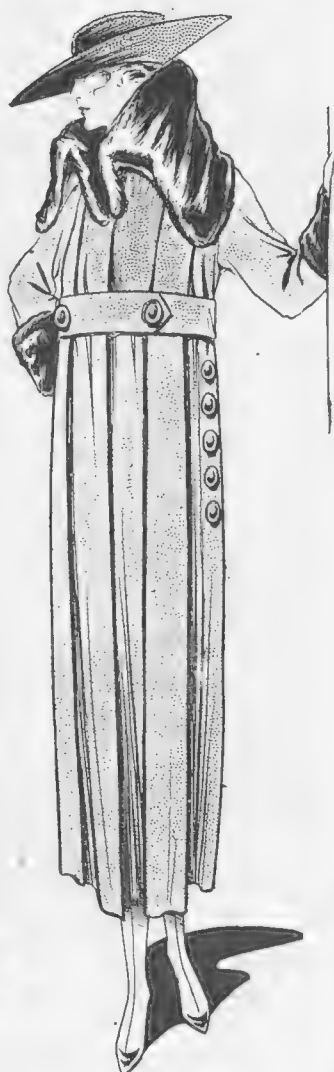
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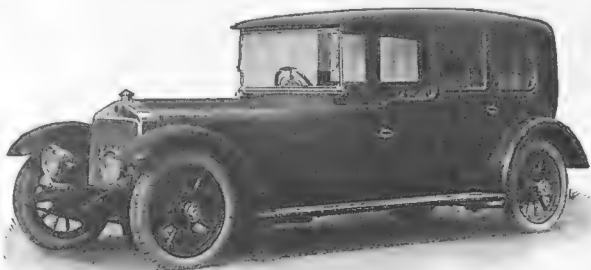
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ORIGINAL MODEL FUR CAPE (as sketch), in selected seal musquash with handsome collar of dyed black Timber Wolf, lined self coloured soft French printed mousseline.

This model can be copied in various soft furs, such as sable squirrel, grey squirrel, etc.

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Nelson's famous injunction passed to a tradition, and in time to a daily duty. To-day the "Nelson touch" is an instinct with every man in every British ship. And by this "instinct" the Navy does its duty and smokes the while—TONIDES Cigarettes for preference.

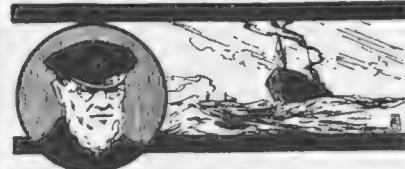
The rope-bound plug of Nelson's time, like the wooden walls, is now but a cherished memory. The Navy, the most modern creation in the world, smokes in the modern way, and being rightly credited with "knowing what's good," it smokes TONIDES Cigarettes.

The Manufacturers of TONIDES Virginia Cigarettes de Luxe recognise a duty to their patrons and fulfil it in making "Tonides" of the finest Virginia cigarette tobacco the world produces.

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FRONT ABSOLUTELY UNBREAKABLE.

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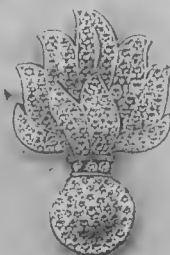
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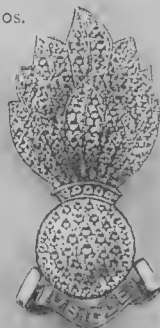
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sent on
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Actual photo of Private W. J. Clark, taken on a shelled road Somewhere in France.

PRIVATE W. J. CLARK,
8th Batt., 2nd Brigade,
Australian Imperial Force, France.

"It may interest you to know that there is at least one man in the Army that thinks your Phosferine is 'the goods.' We had a pretty rough time towards the end of last year when the old Hun began to warm things up a bit—shells and bombs day and night and a long stand-to in the morning in case anything followed, and the weather did not improve things; still, we had to stick it, and eventually our relief came. This goes on from time to time, and the man who is not wounded pays the price in another direction—nerves; mine went like jellies—it was even a fag to walk down to the *estaminet* when out for a spell. That was serious, so I looked round for a remedy; noticed an advert. of your Phosferine, and tried it. It did the trick, and now I feel like a new man. I wish your Phosferine every success for the benefit of others."

This war-hardened Australian soldier writes, that, although he possessed a full share of natural force, he owes it entirely to Phosferine that he was not completely overcome by the intense unnatural strain of war conditions—Phosferine enabled his nerve organisms to produce the extra vitality by which he now endures unharmed the exceptional hardship of Active Service.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
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Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is required. The 3/- tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. Prices: 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.



Extract from a letter received from France:—

"There is nothing better than OXO for a man who has to face the rigours of winter campaigning.

"At all times and under all conditions I have proved its value in keeping a man absolutely fit."

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Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers: OXO Limited, Thames House, London, E.C.4.



The Craven Standard
of Highest Quality
is still maintained!

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Is just right for the man who must have the best.—It is pure and scientifically blended and gives that real satisfaction that means everything to the Smoker.

2/2 per **2** oz.

Made by CARRERAS, Ltd., 55, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.
Established 1788.

(Continued.)

and King Manoel began his short reign with the assassination of his father and brother, and ended it in revolution. Ireland ruled by the Irish would be likely to show a good deal of violent change also.

Few and Good. Every woman is greatly intrigued with the new fabrics and the new colours. In neither is there a sign of shortage—a friend ruefully suggests that will be in our purses when we have paid for them. Seriously, it will not be very noticeable; an inspection of lovely things at Gooch's, Knightsbridge, gives one great courage. For the value, the investments are by no means heavy. There are velours cloths, silk Jersey cloths (these are delightfully handsome and distinguished), stockinet cloths, serges, gabardine cloths, and corded cloths in beautiful rich colours. They are made up into costumes, dresses, coats, rest-gowns, in the stylish way for which this house is famous, and the cost is really moderate. One has to consider the long wear that is ensured, and the satisfaction that lasts to the end with well-turned-out things; also the fact that no one expects so many changes in dress as before the war. "Few and good" is the war-time rule.

Favoured Among Favourites. The doctors, those men of weight and wisdom, have been giving teeth bad characters and indicting them for all sorts of evils. We all believe ourselves to be particular to a fault in our care of our incisors and molars—but are we? How many people wash them and thoroughly rinse their mouths more than once a day? Not many, I am afraid; but those do so most who experience the fresh, pleasant sensation after the use of Pomeroy mentho-carbolic tooth-paste. It costs only a shilling a tube, and it prevents discoloration and



Tomato-coloured crepe-de-Chine and broad black bands go to form these novel pyjamas.

decay. Most men who have used it give it high praise; and for us it is doubly necessary to take care of our teeth because our appearance is so dependent upon them, as well as our health, and we cannot hide them behind military moustaches. Pomeroy preparations are in favour everywhere, and a favoured one among favourites is this tooth-paste, which is a safeguard against the new Spanish invader, Flu.

Dancing for Surgical Requisites.

The *Thés Dansants* at the Grafton Galleries have quite caught on. Lady Crutchley and her committee of the Surgical Requisites Association have done wisely in establishing them. Officers can now dance in uniform, and are delighted to pay half-guineas for tickets for some girl friends, in order to have the pleasure of dancing with them to the music of a good band and on a nice floor. Lady Crutchley, who is the daughter of Lady Katharine Coke, long in the Queen's Household, was the pioneer of skirt dancing. So clever and fascinating was she as an exponent of the terpsichorean art that she created a regular craze for it. The interest that she takes in surgical aid is easily understood, too, for her husband, General Charles Crutchley, lost a leg in the South African War. He was engaged to her at the time, and offered to release her; but she would have none of that, and married him very soon after his return. The work done by the Surgical Requisites Association is one which must naturally make special appeal to sympathetic women.

Second-Lieutenant H. E. Dupré, Tank Corps, managing director of Luce's Eau de Cologne Company, who was reported missing on Sept. 29, has now been reported by the Red Cross a prisoner.

THE PRACTICAL FUND FOR THE DISABLED.

THERE are eleven Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops now in operation giving employment to permanently disabled men. No red tape. The men show by their certificates that they are discharged on account of permanent injury on active service, and they can then go to work at their trade at the Workshops, or if they are not skilled they can learn a trade *and are paid while learning*. The Fund is conducted as a business and is intended later on to be self-supporting.

You can come and see what is being done with your donation to the National Tribute to Lord Roberts. You can see how you are practically helping the disabled.

The Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors.

(Registered under the Charities Act, 1916.)

Send a Cheque or Money Order now please to—

Major-General The Rt. Hon. Lord Cheylesmore, K.C.V.O., 122, Brompton Road, London, S.W. 3,
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(The Soldiers and Sailors Help Society)
PATRONS:
H.M. THE KING H.M. THE QUEEN

The original Christmas Dinner Table Collection for the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops will take place this year as usual. The Chairman will appreciate it if you would kindly write to him at 122, Brompton Road, Fulham, S.W. 3., for as many envelopes as you can use to take up your collection this year.



THIS Dining Room, furnished and decorated by Harrods in the Colonial Adams style, offers the tone-invitations of quiet grey-greens and soft fawn-browns, and evidences a just regard for that individualistic simplicity which is the final expression of artistry.

The reposeful lines of the choice mahogany furniture—brown-toned as if matured by time—and the extreme delicacy of the sparingly-employed ornament contribute a tasteful sufficiency of decorative relief.

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SOCIETY GOSSIP.

A Worker.

A good many women do war work. Not all of them, however, can point to tangible results of the kind achieved by Corisande Lady Rodney, who at the moment of writing is about to set off for France on a tour of inspection of Y.M.C.A. huts. Work, like virtue, occasionally brings its own reward. No one grudged Lady Rodney the O.B.E. she richly deserved and received not so very long ago. Red Triangle activities do not, however, absorb all her energies. She takes an active and very practical interest in the hospital for facial and jaw injuries at Frognal, in Kent, where so many of our broken men prefer to remain in retirement before rejoining their family circle.

Honoured.

Everyone—the members of the Metropolitan Police, perhaps, more than others—was pleased with the announcement that the King had conferred a baronetcy on Sir Edward Henry. There were a good many people who felt that Sir Edward had been somewhat cavalierly treated over the recent police strike. The new honour cannot wipe away the memory of the event, but it is at least a recognition of the value of the police work accomplished by Sir Henry in London as well as in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Much history was made during his tenure of office, and his memoirs, if he ever cares to write them, should make interesting reading.

Back Home.

Rumour had it that the Duchess of Marlborough took advantage of her stay in Paris to supplement her wardrobe. Not being in her Grace's confidence, I cannot

vouch for the accuracy of the report. But there is at least a strong probability that rumour on this occasion is not living up to her reputation, for the slender mistress of Sunderland House—now, alas! given over to soulless officialdom—is accounted London's best-dressed wearer of strawberry-leaves. Time alone can show whether the Duchess inclines to the hobbled, draped, or ample gown; or whether she has decided, like a few others, to postpone "plunging" in frocks till peace comes once more. What, from the national view-point, is of more importance is the fact that her interest in the Children's Jewel Fund not only survived her holiday, but accompanied her on her travels. Her contribution to the doll-show shortly to be held took the pleasing form of dolls and other toys of the kind that Paris alone seems able to produce.



A PRACTICAL WAR-TIME WORKER: LADY PETRE.

Lady Petre, who evidently believes that example is better than precept, recently gave a practical exhibition of boot-repairing at the Rayne Woman's Institute, Braintree, and said that during the war she has repaired all the footwear of herself and her family.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

Still. Lady Randolph Churchill, married to Mr. Montagu

Porch, remains Lady Randolph Churchill. Though she is seldom seen out of the neat grey uniform of the American Red Cross, her interest in dress and fashion has not altogether vanished. Between her nursing duties she is finding time for doll-dressing in connection with the Jewel Fund already referred to. The Evolution of Dress in the nineteenth century seems a big subject to tackle; but Lady Randolph is attacking it with a thoroughness and energy characteristic of most of her countrywomen.

More than that, she has promised to contribute a second group dressed in the uniforms of the various women's services. What with Lady Drogheda busy on an R.A.F. group, and Lady Henry engaged on notabilities in the great war,

[Continued overleaf.]

The before-breakfast Shave means added comfort

YOU wouldn't think of going out to dinner with an unshaven face, would you? The very idea offends your sense of the correctness of things.

And if you saw a man with a 24-hours' growth of beard on his face dining in the same room you would instinctively vote him careless in regard to his personal appearance.

After all it is very much a matter of habit, isn't it?

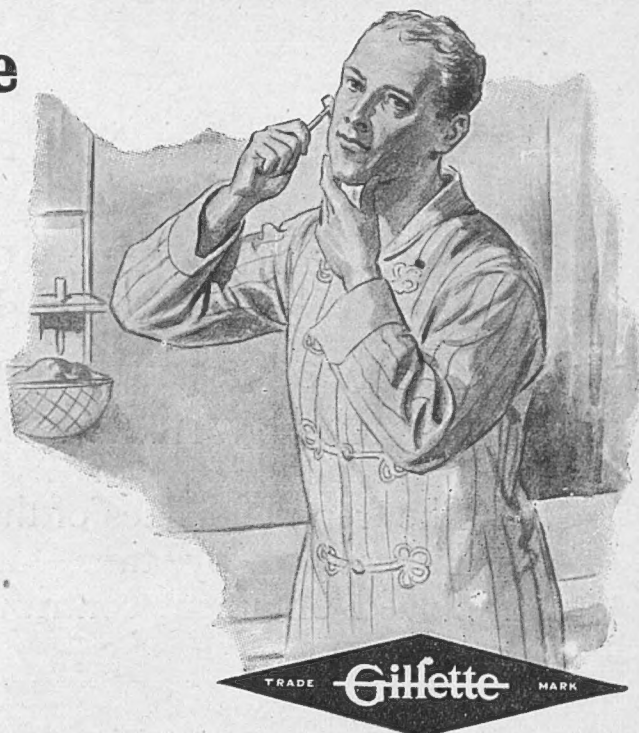
Doesn't sober reasoning tell you that it is just as important to go down to breakfast with a clean shaven face as it is to dinner?

If you enjoy your dinner better because of the feeling of cleanliness that comes to you after shaving, doesn't it follow that you will relish your breakfast better *after* you have shaved?

And if there is one time more suitable than another for shaving surely it is before you dress in the morning.

It is after the night's sleep that the growth of beard is so noticeable, that the demand for all-round attention to your personal appearance is most insistent.

If you get a **Gillette** Safety Razor you will be able to shave easily, comfortably, efficiently in three minutes; you will go down to breakfast feeling thoroughly fit, and you will get a whole day's clean-shave-comfort instead of just a few hours.



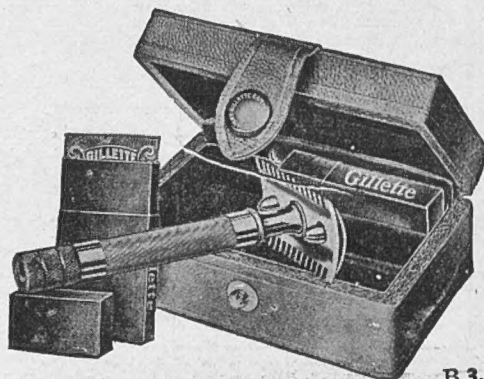
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5, Charing Cross, S.W. 1	...	Gerrard 6632
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(Continued.)

the show looks like qualifying *en masse* for a place in Sir Alfred Mond's museum.

Popular Sir Alfred. "Full and unconditional surrender—no armistice! Leave it to Marshals Foch and Haig and the men in the field," is what Sir Alfred Yeo thinks of the

events that last week roused excitement as high as it has ever risen during the war. It is just the kind of straightforward statement Poplar understands, and has learnt to expect from its popular Member, whose Rent Act and other activities have more than once brought him into public notice since August 1914. It was Sir Alfred, too, who was responsible for leading the House of Commons to play with children's toys during business hours, so that for once at least the tinkle of bells on toy carriages and the strains of a musical-box punctuated the oratory of Honourable Members. Sir Alfred did not approve of Mr. McKenna's War Import Duties, more especially in their relation to musical instruments, and, armed with a varied selection of musical playthings, he attended the debate on the subject with the object of proving that the tax would fall heavily on children's toys. He had miniature bagpipes to follow the musical-box, but the Chairman intervened. Mr. Yeo, as he then was, did not play the bagpipes and kept his popularity. Another of his Parliamentary efforts that caused general amusement was the question addressed to Mr. Asquith in which he asked whether all Government notices would be so worded as to be comprehensible to the ordinary person.



AT THE GARRICK: MISS MURIEL PRATT.

Miss Madge Titheradge having to rehearse for Mr. C. B. Cochran's coming production of the English version of "La Veille d'Armes," her part in "By Pigeon Post" is now undertaken by Miss Muriel Pratt.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

Congratulations to a King. In these times of general anxiety, although

the stress and strain are growing less with startling and agreeable rapidity, few incidents have been welcomed with more enthusiasm than the return of the King and Queen of the Belgians to their own country and people, on Oct. 19. For the last four years they have been absent from their home and, in a sense, strangers to their people. But the scenes last week gave generous proof that they still held their place in the hearts of their subjects.

"Ca' Canny." It is good to know that the end of years of nightmare is in sight, but it is well that our people in power should follow the old Scotch advice and "ca' canny" in their dealings with the enemy. The Germans' love of their country is laudable enough, but their detestation of ours is beyond reason and belief to those who keep their patriotism within the bounds of sanity. The war in the field must be backed up by the chess-board war of diplomacy if in the end something like compensation must be made to the nations which have suffered so grievously at the hands of the enemy.

The Return of the Normal.

One of the most solacing reflections to the great public is, without doubt, the welcome prospect of something like normal conditions of life. It is not merely, as some think, a question of prices and day-by-day expenses. The whole house of life, as it were, has been disorganised. There are pessimists who complain that life will never be the same again. Perhaps not. But there was, and is, room for improvement, and we may be sure that there will be no volcanic upheavals such as have been feared by the ultra-nervous.



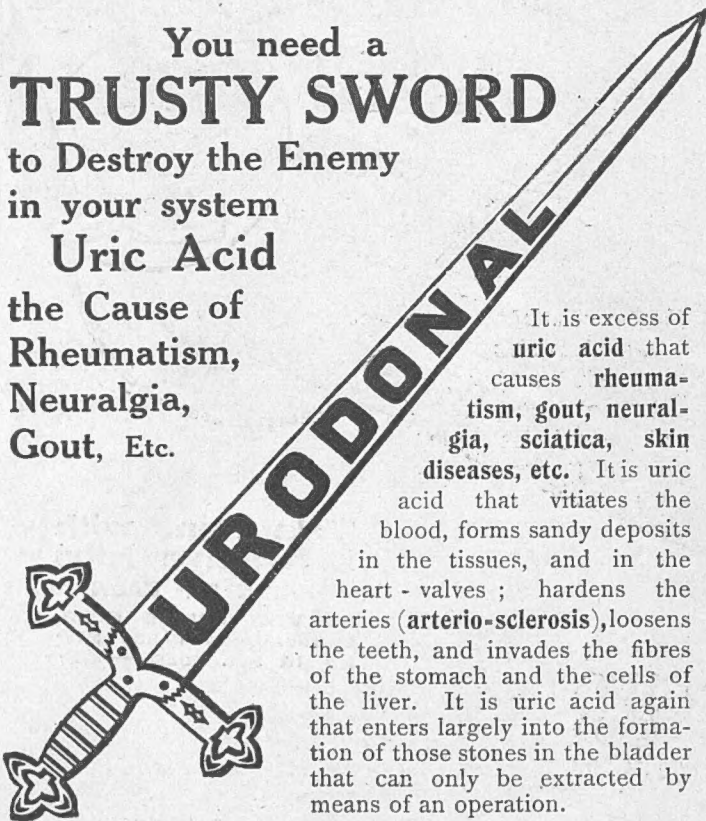
A CLEVER ACTRESS IN A SUCCESSFUL PLAY: MISS NETTIE WHEELER AT THE GAIETY.

Miss Nettie Wheeler is appearing with success in that very popular play "Going Up," at the Gaiety Theatre.

Photograph by Elwin Neame.

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